

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



## NEWSPAPER

Published according to the Act of Congress in the year 1863, by Frank Leslie, in the City of New York, at the Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No 403 - VOL. XVI.]

NEW YORK, JUNE 20, 1863.

[PRICE 8 CENTS.]

### THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

The siege of Vicksburg is becoming a siege in fact as well as in name. Hitherto our sieges have been in reality but battles; the siege of Lexington and the siege of Yorktown were too brief to give us any of the horrid pictures which history presents in the description of the sieges of great cities; but at Vicksburg we are witnessing these terrible scenes renewed. Grant's army in its final advance met Pemberton in the woods, and our Artist gives with local accuracy and effect the first meeting of skirmishers, and in our large engraving the terrible but fruitless assault made on Pemberton's last line of defence around the city. Our readers know how, on the 22d of May, a tremendous assault was made on the grass-covered fortifications held by the rebel army. These works consist of

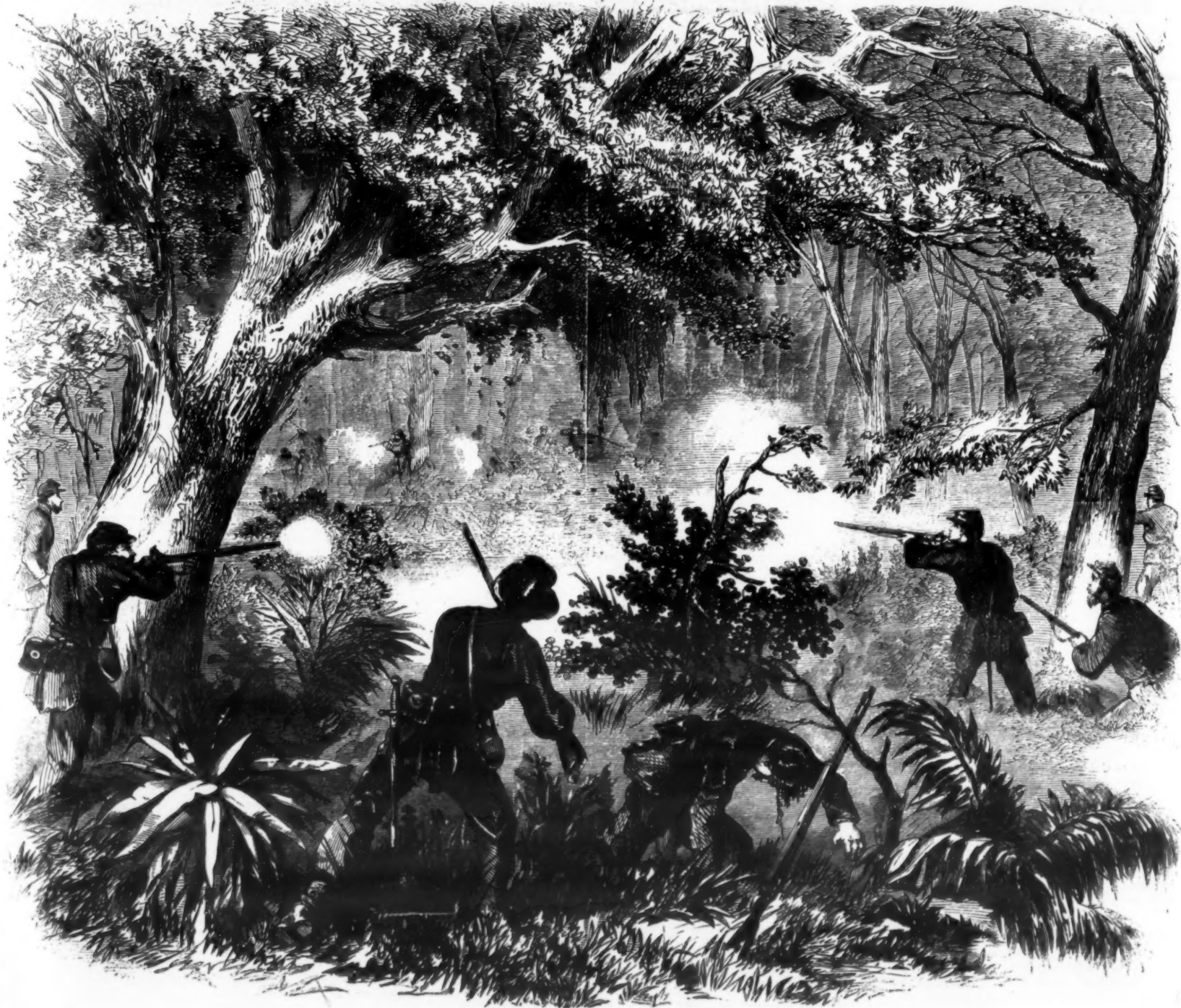
a chain of forts, about 800 yards apart, connected by deep entrenchments, and extending for seven miles. Lawler's brigade rushed up amid a cross fire, and with heavy loss planted the Stars and Stripes on the edge of a parapet, but the enemy gathered there, and our men were overpowered. Landrum's brigade comes to the relief, but falters. McClelland orders up Benton and Burbridge on the right. Sherman and McPherson also advance, and at point after point the old flag flutters for awhile on the works. On the extreme right, Steele's division, with Blair on his left, advanced as Pemberton fell back, and like the others could only display the bravery of the men. Covered by the ravines which intersect the ground, the Union troops would get near the works and make a gallant rush onward, reach the parapet, yet

when the edge of the forts were gained the interior was swept by a line of rifle pits in the rear and a partition breastwork, so that our soldiers even when in the fort were almost as far from victory as before. In one case a party of 12 Iowans, led by a youth named Griffith, took and held a fort, but all but he finally fell under the fire of their assailants, when Griffith with musket and revolver captured 14 rebels who had discharged their pieces, and brought them off. The rebels used for almost the first time hand grenades, which they rolled down the sides of the works on the assaulting party in the ditch or clinging to the side. This dreadful day swept away thousands of our gallant men. Officers of talent and courage, men injured to action, have been lost.

The siege now became a siege: no army

could stand such losses: closer are the lines drawn around the enemy. Siege guns are mounted. The miners begin their work, and the fortifications are assailed from beneath. Pemberton is almost out of supplies, his army and the people of the city are on quarter rations. The citizens live in the cellars or in holes, for the shells from the army and fleet fall in showers, exploding in the streets and houses, and fires rage on every side. Pemberton asks leave to pass the women and children out, but such a relief would enable him to hold out perhaps successfully. Necessity compels cruelty. The horses, now useless, are taken out and shot, either to relieve the people from feeding them or to supply food to the starving people.

Such is Vicksburg at this moment. Fa-



SKIRMISHING IN THE WOODS ON THE ADVANCE TO VICKSBURG.



mous in the annals of crime and blood, its streets now are drenched in misery. Death by shell awaits its wretched denizens on the street: fire threatens to consume them in their dwellings, and, even burrowing in the depths of the earth to escape these, death by starvation follows them. And can this be in a land so long boasting of its peace and plenty, inviting the wretched of every clime?

#### Barnum's American Museum.

**GEN. TOM THUMB** and his **BEAUTIFUL LITTLE WIFE**, late **MISS LAVINIA WARREN**; **COM. NUTT** and the **TINY MINNIE WARREN**, four of the smallest Human Beings ever seen, every Day and Evening. **SPLENDID DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES** daily, at 3 and 8 P. M.

#### FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, JUNE 20, 1863.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 72 Duane Street, between Broadway and Elm, New York.

Dealers supplied and subscriptions received for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, also FRANK LESLIE'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR OF 1861, by GEORGE P. BEMIS & Co., Proprietors of the London American, 100 Fleet Street, London, England. Single copies always on sale.

#### TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.

One copy, one year.....\$3 50  
Two copies " ".....5 00  
Four " " ".....9 00  
Magazine and Paper, one year.....5 00

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Rose Allaire—The Tenant of the Stone House—A Secret—Planta Tofana—A Prophecy Fulfilled—will appear.

Declined—Prayer for Our Country.  
We have no stated rate of payment for contributions. Most is the test. We cannot advise any one to write. It is impossible to accept a tale from seeing only a few chapters.

#### Summary of the Week.

##### ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

On the 22d May a furious assault was made on the enemy's works at Vicksburg, but resulted only in a heavy loss. The troops were unable to carry and hold the works. Gen. Sturgis, on the 21st, made only a feint. On the 22d a furious cannonade commenced along the line, and an assault was made by picked men as a forlorn hope, but in vain. The brunt of the fighting was done by the brigades of Landrum and Lawler, and by the divisions of Benton and Burbridge, with their brigades, and by Hayes's and Wood's brigades of Suel's division.

No fighting whatever took place from May 25 to May 31. Grant was, at the last accounts, throwing up earthworks and mining the enemy's defences.

Gen. Johnson is said to be near Jackson, with a force of nearly 15,000 men, but Grant had detached Gen. Blair with sufficient troops to hold him in check.

During the attacks on the 21st and 22d the gunboats kept up a terrible bombardment, and on the 23d they captured Yazoo City and destroyed three rams building there.

On the 26th they attempted to silence the water batteries, but the Cincinnati was sunk in shoal water, with a loss of 20 killed and wounded.

An important capture was made of 12 men attempting to enter Vicksburg on the 29th, who proved on examination to have about them no less than 200,000 percussion caps.

##### VIRGINIA.

On Saturday, May 30, rebel cavalry made their appearance near Harper's Ferry, on the Charlestown road, creating considerable alarm.

Col. Fitzpatrick, who, with part of Stoneman's force, reached Gloucester, was ordered to return, and came in June, having crossed the Rappahannock at Union Point. Although the rebels knew of his intention, all their plans to capture him failed, and he returned without loss, bringing in 200 horses and mules, 40 wagon loads of provisions, 1,000 contrabands and a rebel regimental flag.

##### NORTH CAROLINA.

Gen. Foster has been active at Newberne, inducing soldiers, whose terms of enlistment had expired, to re-enlist, and has met with encouraging success.

On the 24th the gunboats captured valuable stores at Murfreesboro.

##### SOUTH CAROLINA.

A strange letter addressed by Gen. Hunter to Jefferson Davis has appeared, and has, it is said, led to his recall.

On the 26th of May Gen. Hunter issued an order to draft all able-bodied whites in the department not in Government employ.

Rebel dispatches say that the Union troops burned Bluffton, near Charleston, and des-

troyed a million of dollars worth of property on the Combahee.

##### ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

Movements are taking place in Gen. Bragg's army, and he is said to be concentrating his forces at Shelbyville, Beach Grove and other points in front of Rosecrans.

The Union Commander is also preparing for action, and stirring news will soon reach us.

##### ALABAMA.

On the 27th of May Gen. Cornyn defeated the rebel Gen. Roddy at Florence, capturing 100 men, 8 officers, 400 mules and 300 negroes.

##### LOUISIANA.

A portion of Admiral Farragut's fleet recently ascended Red river to Strevport, and destroyed a rebel navy yard, with two new ironclads of great power in course of construction there.

Gen. Banks attacked Port Hudson on the 27th May—Gen. Weitzel on the right, Grover and Augur on the centre, and J. W. Sherman on the left. The attack was made on the right and left, Weitzel carrying the famous six gun battery that handled the Mississippi so roughly. He at once turned these guns on the enemy. Sherman fought gallantly, but was unable to carry the works before him, although he met heavy loss, his negro troops doing extremely well. Grover and Augur meanwhile drove the enemy out of the rifle pits in front and gained rapidly on them.

The Hartford and Albatross engaged the lower batteries, and after Weitzel carried the six gun battery, moved down and attacked the next. Admiral Farragut, on the Monongahela, with the Richmond, Tennessee and Essex, engaged the lower works.

The loss has been heavy, estimated as high as 2,000 or 3,000. Gens. Sherman and Dow are wounded; Col. Clarke 6th Michigan, Col. Cowles 128th New York, are killed.

Our gunboats are said to have sunk a rebel transport crossing the river to Port Hudson, drowning 700 men.

##### TENNESSEE.

At Franklin, Tennessee, Col. Baird was attacked on June 4 by 1,200 rebel cavalry, who drove his forces to their entrenchments, but he finally repulsed them with heavy loss.

A similar attack on Triune met a still bloodier repulse, the rebels losing 200 men and 400 horses.

#### THE IDLER ABOUT TOWN.

It is a waste of time for any one to attempt the production of anything before a New York audience which is not first rate. We have been so tutored into critical judgment by constantly witnessing such rare excellence in every department of art, that we give the cold shoulder to everything which is manifestly below the medium standard of excellence. On this ground the experiment of Felicitas Vestvali was a hopeless failure. Admirable as she was in all respects, she was worse than entirely unsupported, for all her surroundings were of the most inferior description. We could have been almost contented to see and hear her alone, but all the pleasure her excellence inspired was marred by an array of incompetents of the weakest and the ugliest description.

To us it is incomprehensible how a lady of Vestvali's experience, aided, too, by so able and astute a manager as Carl Anschutz, could have believed or hoped for an instant, that such a lack-talent company would be tolerated by the intelligent audiences of New York. The least matured of our operatic habits would have told them at the first rehearsal that the case was hopeless. Common sense is the most necessary qualification for a successful manager, but we regret to say that it is the rarest, and hence the repeated failures. We sincerely regret that Madlle. Vestvali should have sacrificed the *clat* of her reappearance, after an absence of several years, to so poor an undertaking. Not only was everything but her admirable self irredeemably bad, but the opera she chose for her debut was entirely unknown to the community. Its chief point of attraction was said to be its age. Veneration of estimable antiquity is not an American weakness; the mass of the musical people would rather have one live Verdi or Meyerbeer than half a hundred mouldy Glucks. If the music is considered excellent simply because it is a relic of the past century, the general verdict seems to be that it had better be deposited in a museum, where it would be taken care of and treasured, than have its weaknesses exposed by a theatrical representation. We do not by any means share in this judgment, for we find much to admire in it; but we deem it impolitic to present anything so extremely recondite to an audience which prefers artists to art and popular melody to science, be it ever so profound. Notwithstanding this disappointment, we trust that Madlle. Vestvali will soon reappear, supported by artists of equal professional standing with herself.

We have often nursed little Adeline Patti on our knee, and remember well her earliest vocal efforts after the baby-qualling period, and our interest in her has never for one moment diminished. We were consequently very much shocked on reading her appeal to the English Court of Chancery for protection against her father and her brother-in-law, Maurice Strakosch. All the world will take the little singer's part without a moment's reflection, but in doing so, may, perchance, judge too harshly of her relatives. Dear little Adeline is very much in love, wants to marry, and is refused by a "cruel parent," and a beautiful, impetuous, high-spirited girl under such circumstances is hardly a responsible being. It may be that in her eager haste to form a new contract, she may recklessly ignore the existence of an old one, and thus do a wrong the importance of which her impatient readers may be unable to appreciate. All who know Maurice Strakosch admit his genuine kindness of heart, and the gentle severity of his manner, and very few would believe him capable of oppressing one to whom he has been a second father from her very childhood. It would be monstrous to credit that her own father would sanction such oppression, so we are in-

clined to believe that the pretty, petulant, lovelorn Adeline was very much out of her temper when she held up two such near relations to the scorn and contempt of the world, and we shall suspend our judgment until we hear the other side. This we know, beyond the possibility of contradiction, that she owes the development of what talent she possesses, and all her success in her profession to the care and the devotion, and the untiring zeal and skilful management of Maurice Strakosch—a debt that should not be repudiated lightly.

What with the Patti letter and the Bourcail-Jordan correspondence and scandalous *exposé*, our nerves have been terribly shattered the past week. It is too bad to have these horrible things thrust before our eyes at the breakfast-table upon an empty stomach, and while the delicate appetite needs care and coaxing. Of course it is very shocking to have one's wives do naughty things, but then actors have so many wives, that when any trouble takes place we do not know which one we are pitying or condemning. We are always in a nervous state when we see Mrs. So and So advertised to appear, lest it should be another lady honored by an old familiar name, and not the one with the same name which we saw last week. What do they do with their superfluous wives? Do they kill them, or do they go away with their own accord and become somebody else? Or is there some special divorce clause for the benefit of actors? We should really like to know, and ask for information. Of course we can understand the philosophy of the thing, for when a man plays the fictitious husband to so many ladies, a mental obfuscation may arise, and a dubiousness as to proprietorship may ensue, resulting in an uncertainty as to which of them he really belongs. The case is a hard one, and recommends itself to the attention of the Young Men's Christian Association. The philosophical view we have taken of the subject has so unsettled our mind, that we think it unsafe to give any opinion upon the Jordan-Bourcail case; but we propose to write to that unfortunate Captain of Royal Engineers, who was mulcted in £25 sterling because the "Vampire" sought refuge in his bedroom from the infuriate Jordan, and ask him his opinion of the matter.

Last week we passed away some of the tedious hours of an idler's life at Irving Hall, assisting, as some of the critics have it, at the great Billiard Tournament, where several renowned knights of the cue poked at ivory balls for hours together, the entire force of their minds being bent upon making "gammons" or "holding" said balls, and some such thing. Everybody says it is a noble and a scientific game, so of course we are bound to believe it; but if any one can tell us what there is splendid or scientific in a man getting four balls in one corner of the table, and tapping, tapping, tapping at them for three-quarters of an hour, without moving them an inch, we should be very much pleased to know. What the people saw to cause them to applaud so frantically we are at a loss to comprehend. The Tournament is still going on, because one of the knights must beat all the other knights in knocking the balls about before the affair can end; and whoever does this feat is to receive a long stick of wood, with gold and silver at one end, and a bit of leather at the other end, and a large square table with great legs to it, and several small fishing-nets round the top, as the result of his victory. Suppose the young man who wins the table hasn't got a room in his boarding-house big enough to put it in—what is he going to do with it?

There is no doubt that the new sensation drama, "The Duke's Motto," at Niblo's Garden, has made a great hit, and deserves the extraordinary success which has attended its production. It has merits but rarely found in pieces of its class, and it has been produced on a scale of magnificence but seldom vouchsafed by a New York manager. The plot is admirably constructed, and is at once so full of incident, and so cunningly involved with the design to render the foreshadowing of the denouement impossible, that the wonder and the interest of the audience are maintained to the utmost stretch until the last of the last scene. The masterly construction of the piece, added to its literary merits, command for it more consideration than any piece of its class that we have seen for several years. Mr. Wheatley, the manager, sustains the principal character with an ability which must greatly enhance his reputation. The rôle demands great versatility, subtle conception with a dash of chivalry, all of which conditions were fulfilled in Mr. Wheatley's rendering of the character. It was an able piece of acting, and merited the hearty and discriminating applause it received.

Mr. Collins personates the character of a rather unnecessary Irishman, and sings two songs not very well in place, but he does his endeavors with so much spirit and with such a consciousness of his personal importance that we are content to receive him at his own valuation. Mrs. Allen was very charming, and Madame Pomeli displayed her usual dramatic power and just discrimination. The acting throughout was very excellent, and the scenic effects the tableaux and all the general details were artistically beautiful in the highest degree. "The Duke's Motto" will surely have a long run, and those who would see it comfortably should take their seats in advance.

Wallack's is doing a fine business with the old comedies and modern plays. The audiences continue full and fashionable, and there can be but little doubt that the management could reap a fine harvest if it will condescend to give us a summer season. It would be a proud thing to say that "our theatre" is open, at the demand of the public, all the year round.

The new manager of Laura Keane's Theatre possesses indomitable perseverance, and her endeavors are meeting with good success. The entertainment, *à la Ravel*, is certainly very excellent, and the addition of an English farce and comedietta company makes up an evening's entertainment that is not only unexceptionable but highly attractive and amusing. At the close of Mrs. English's summer season, Mrs. John Wood assumes the reins of management. Under her régime, the palmiest days of the old Olympic will be revived, and we shall once again have a real burlesque and vaudeville theatre in the city. She is rapidly completing her arrangements for the fall campaign.

Miss Emily Thorne and Mr. Mark Smith will open Winter Garden in a few days for a short summer season. They are both admirable in their lines, and are great favorites with the public. The conjunction is auspicious, and a successful season may be anticipated.

Barnum's Museum is still graced by the presence of the incomparable Tom Thumb and his beautiful wife. The present is positively the last week of their stay in this city, and the last time that the four smallest people in the world can be seen together. Our readers will do well to make the most of the present opportunity. The Aquaria, the learned Seal, Sea Lion, monster Bear, living Anascondas, and thousands of other curiosities are on exhibition every hour in the day from morning till evening. Two laughable pieces, the "Harvest Storm" and the "Nervous Man," are performed in the Lecture-Room afternoon and evening.

**SOMETHING ABOUT RAILROADS.**—"What's the justice into a railroad?" said an old fellow, as he sat on his stoop about the going down of the sun, somewhere in the neighborhood of Cape Cod: "what's the justice into 'em? What's the justice in carting sand off o' my farm to put it into another man's mah? Cuttin' round the country, runnin' over folks, killin' calves, heifers and shoats—where's the justice in all that? And where's the 'commodation' o' 'em? As it used to was, when I wanted to go to Boston, I could tackle up my team in the mornin', after a good breakfast, and set off when I got ready; now, you're to go when the bell rings! They wouldn't wait ten minutes for you. And when you get to Boston you can't stop where you want to—can't drive to where you want to put up. What kind o' 'commodation' is that? And so, j'ist so, when you're coming home; got to go to a particular place afore you can start, and got to come away when the bell rings agin! Good deal o' 'commodation' in that, ain't it? I've never rode on one o' the darned things and I never will; but it's goin' on three years now that I've seen 'em go out and come in, and I never could see that they went so darned fast either."

#### EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

**Domestic.**—The following notice is in circulation in Montreal: "God Save the Queen—Take Notice!—It has been decided, at a public meeting convened by his Worship the Mayor, and held in the City Concert Hall, on Thursday, the 2d of May last, that on and after Saturday, the 23d of May, the following be the rate at which American or British silver be taken: half dollar, 2s. 4d.; quarter dollar, 1s. 2d.; 10 cent piece, 5d.; five cent piece, 2d.; three cent piece, 1d.; British shilling, 1s. 2d.; British sixpence, 7d."

—A meeting of German citizens was held at the Cooper Institute on the 2d of June, to protest against the charge made against the 11th Army Corps for its behavior at Chancellorville. It was numerously attended, and speeches strongly condemnatory of the Commander-in-Chief were made by the Chairman, Mr. Wesendonck and others.

—The number of deaths in the city ending the 30th of May was 447, showing a decrease of 90 on the last week. Acute diseases 157, chronic 139, external 51. The number of deaths in the public institutions was 67.

—The race between the Merrimac and City of Baltimore, as reported in the New York Tribune, proves to have been the result of too much champagne in the reporter's head; in point of fact, it was a canard.

—The journeymen bakers have struck, demanding that their hours of labor be reduced to 12. A very reasonable request, as few occupations, especially in summer, are more exhausting than that of a baker.

—A large meeting was held on the 1st of June, in Independence Square, Philadelphia, to protest against the arrest of Vallandigham. It consisted of about 10,000 persons, Judge Ellis Lewis in the chair. Gen. Bigler, Congreve Middle, Charles J. Ingersoll and others spoke.

—The shipments of coal from Schuylkill county, Penn., last week, exceeded the amount shipped during the corresponding week last year 21,300 tons. Those dealers in coal who are attempting to ball the market and hold on for a rise, will be likely to have some losses to foot up before the season is over.

—The McConnellsburg (Pa.) Democrat has been warned by the War Department to be more moderate in its Copperheadism, on pain of suppression.

—Gov. Gilmore, of New Hampshire, was inaugurated at Concord on the 4th of June. His message is mainly confined to local subjects. The troops furnished by this State for the war number 18,000, being an excess over the quota called for of nearly 700. The Governor refers to the rebellion and says: "In such a contest there is no discrimination between support of the Government and support of the National Administration. It is no time now to speculate upon the causes of the rebellion. The only facts we need are that it exists, and that it is our duty to put it down. It was the remark made to me by a former Governor of this State, the late venerable Isaac Hill, in which I fully concur, that 'a man who will not stand by his Government is a coward and a traitor.'"

—The President has revoked Gen. Burnside's order to suppress the Chicago Times.

—The two widows of the late E. P. Christy are making sad havoc with their late husband's reputation. Justice McKnight, of Buffalo, proved the marriage with the first wife, and also that Christy had surreptitiously possessed himself of the certificate, and surgeons testified that the injuries received by the unhappy man when he threw himself from the window so affected the spine and the brain that he was not in a condition to make another legal will.

—There are at present 4,336 inmates in the public institutions of the city, a decrease of 101 for the past week. The number admitted was 1,581, and the number discharged, transferred or who died was 1,632.

—It is proposed to sell eggs by the weight, as a fairer method for the buyers, as well as a means of forcing poultry raisers to breed finer breeds of fowls. There seems to be a great difference in weight. Of three dozen, taken promiscuously from a lot for sale in a store, one dozen weighed 184 ounces, one 231 ounces, and the last 27 ounces. Good, fair-sized eggs should weigh at least two ounces each.

—The law passed by the last United States Congress fixes the rate of postage on newspapers as follows:

Daily, per quarter..... 35 cents.  
Six times a week..... 30 cents.  
Tri-weekly..... 15 cents.  
Semi weekly..... 10 cents.  
Weekly..... 5 cents.  
Weight not to exceed four ounces. The new rates take effect July 1, 1863.

**Western.**—Col. Conner has made a representation to Washington, that the late Indian invasion of Utah was made at the instigation of the Mormons, and that one of them named Potter was their guide. It would seem as though we had a Mormon war in prospect.

—A train, consisting of three cars of ice, two of sanitary stores and one with surgeons and nurses, left Chicago on the 1st inst. for Cairo, en route for Vicksburg. Over \$5,000 have been subscribed for the sick and wounded soldiers in Gen. Grant's army.

—A lady in the Memphis theatre after listening to the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner," said the tune was good enough, but the words were a disgrace to a free people. She afterwards took the oath of allegiance.

—A table of the agricultural products of the eight grain growing States—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Missouri—is given, showing, in the ten years ending in 1860, the following increase in such products:

	1850.	1860.
Wheat, bushels.....	43,942,038	80,283,000
Corn.....	222,298,562	293,199,611
Oats.....	62,328,731	62,738,961
Rye.....	739,507	3,007,401
Barley.....	831,517	4,865,711
Swine, head.....	8,536,182	11,019,132
Cattle.....	4,373,712	7,299,819

—Gen. Burnside's order No. 37 says that the publication or circulation of books containing sentiments of a disloyal tendency comes clearly within the reach of General Order No. 38, and those who offend will be dealt with accordingly.

**Southern.**—The Atlanta (Georgia) Confederacy, a little paper, which some years ago sent one of its editors to blackmail our New York merchants, is particularly angry because the correspondents of the New York World and Tribune, who are prisoners of war there, sent to the newspaper offices to beg the favor of some papers to read. We give a few specimens of its fine Roman hand: "They had not been here a half hour before the impudent scoundrels got one of the sentinels guarding the barracks to go round to the newspaper offices in this city with their 'card,' requesting the favor of some exchange papers to read. Their impudence is beyond comprehension upon any other consideration than that they belong to the Yankee press gang. Yankees everywhere are more impudent than any honest race of people can be, and a Yankee newspaper man is the quintessence of all impudence. We thought we had seen and understood something of this Yankee accomplishment in times gone by, but the unheard-of effrontery that prompted these villains, who were caught in company with the thieving, murdering vandals who invaded our country, & spoiled our homes, murdered our citizens, destroyed our property, violated our wives, sisters and daughters, to boldly claim of the press of the South the courtesies and civilities which gentlemen of the press usually extend to each other, is above and beyond all the unblushing audacity we ever imagined. They had come along with Northern vandals, to chronicle their rapes, arson, plunder and murders, and to herald them to the world as deeds



of heroism, greatness and glory. They are our vilest and most unprincipled enemies—far more deeply steeped in guilt, and far more richly deserving death than the vilest vandal that ever invaded the sanctity of our soil, and outraged our homes and our peace. We would greatly prefer to show them any civilities or courtesies. The common robber, thief and murderer is more respectable, in our estimation, than these men; for he never tries to make his crimes respectable, but always to conceal them. These men, however, have come into our country with the open robbers and murderers of our people for the express purpose of whitewashing their hellish deeds. They deserve a rope's end." All which is very encouraging to newspaper correspondents!

It is said that, spite of rebel accounts, Stonewall Jackson did fall by the shots of our soldiers. He was reconnoitering in front of the rifle pits of the 1st Massachusetts, from which the bullets fell thick and fast. It is a noticeable coincidence that he died in the same age as our Gen. Barry, and met his death in the same way—by going into a position of danger to better inform himself of the movements of the enemy.

The Richmond papers have been ordered not to give the vote of the soldiers at the recent election in Virginia. The rebel authorities fear the publication of its returns from the army would expose their weakness.

The rebel State Convention of Tennessee, for the nomination of candidates for Governor and members of Congress, on a general ticket, is called to meet at Winchester, Franklin county, on the 17th of June. The prominent candidates for the Governorship are John C. Harris, the present incumbent, Andrew Ewing, Richard McCann and Samuel Anderson.

Gov. Vance, of North Carolina, is said by the public journals of that State to have notified Jeff Davis that the fate of the Confederacy must be decided in Virginia, and that under no circumstances will its arms be allowed to make a stand in North Carolina, to deluge her fields with blood, and devastate her towns and cities. Gov. Vance hints, moreover, that if the Confederate armies leave Virginia they must retire to the Cotton States and end the conflict where it began.

It appears from Capt. Hoskins's diary that the hero worship of the fair dames of Seecassia for the guerrilla Moseby amounts to a perfect furor, to which we have no parallel in our old Northern region.

**Military.**—The far-famed Hawkins's Zouaves are being reorganized under Col. Jardine. A few only of the old officers will remain.

The Rappahannock correspondent of the *Tribune* says: "The rebel pickets taunt our men with the delay in capturing Vicksburg. They suggest that we shall have a 'sweet job of it.' A party from each side, lately, while bathing, swam toward each other, shook hands, with a 'how are you, old fellow?' in the middle of the river, and agreed to change positions for the time being. Our men, therefore, swam to the rebel shore, while their antagonists continued to this side. The latter then personated Yankees, shouting 'How are you, Seecah?' with many expletives not calculated for ears polite, and were answered by 'How are you, pork and molasses?' When are you going to pitch near by, both parties recrossed. This may seem odd among men engaged in killing each other, but private and professional life are two very different matters. It is a domestic rifle-bait one day, and a friendly hand-shaking the next."

In consequence of the monopoly granted certain parties in the camps on the Rappahannock our soldiers have to pay 10 cents a piece for the newspapers. This is considered by the soldiers as a great outrage, as their pay is only 40 cents per diem.

Gen. Hooker reports that there are upwards of 9,000 civilians in the army of the Rappahannock engaged as sutlers, ragmen, newsmen, pedlars, etc.

Col. Grierson, whose famous gallop from La Grange to Baton Rouge we illustrated in our paper for June 6, has been made a Brigadier-General.

Count Ziplien has been sent by the King of Wurtemberg to study the military art under Gen. Hooker, whose staff he has joined.

A Washington paper says that over 100,000 men have been discharged from the army for disability since January. Add to this the two years and the nine months men, and our forces are woefully reduced.

The question of retaliation is likely to be brought up in connection with the capture of several of the 1st Kansas colored regiment by the guerrillas in a skirmish near Baxter Springs. A sharp correspondence has passed between Livingston, the guerrilla, who made the capture, and Col. Williams, of the colored regiment. The guerrilla offers to exchange the two white prisoners he held for two of his band in Williams's hands, announcing at the same time his intention of keeping the negro soldiers as a "contraband of war." He also intimates that if the reported death of one of his men be true he shall retaliate; to which threat Williams replied "that he can play his hand," that unless he (Livingston) exchanged the negroes immediately, as well as the white soldiers, he (Williams) would hang the prisoners he held. This is the substance of what passed. Whether the exchange took place we are not advised.

The *Chicago Tribune* recommends Mr. Lincoln to put himself at the head of the army of the Potomac, and march straight upon Richmond in the true "Richard the Third" fashion.

**Naval.**—Considerable dissatisfaction is expressed by the Washington newspapers at Admiral Wilkes retaining the *Vanderbilt* as his flagship, when she was ordered to cruise on the South American coast after the Alabama. It is, however, said that the Admiral was convinced that she was not strong enough for the Anglo-rebel pirate.

Admiral Andrew Foote has been appointed to the command of the Atlantic blockading squadron.

Com. Somerville Nicholson has been ordered to the command of the iron-clad steamer *Sangamon*.

Com. Blake has been promoted to the command of the gunboat *Eutaw* for his gallant defence of the Hatteras against the pirate Alabama.

Com. Bache, of the gunboat *Cinquant*, has forwarded to the Navy Department a detailed account of the sinking of that vessel. He says that until a shot went through the magazine and drowned it his fire was most effective, but the rebel batteries got her in full range and hit her at almost every fire, until she went down in three fathoms of water, with her colors nailed to a stump of one of her masts.

**Personal.**—An English paper states that all the trouble at Rio Janeiro between Gen. Webb and the British Minister arose from the latter saying that Gen. Webb talked so much while they were playing whist that it put him out in his play. Mr. Seward, says the *Home Journal*, has severely censured Gen. Webb for his undignified letter to Earl Russell.

The London *Times* has sent Mr. Russell, their famous correspondent, to Poland, to note the progress of events. This implies that the conductors of that great journal believe that the insurrection is going to last for some time.

Erastus Corning, the Railroad King, is about retiring from business, having amassed a fortune, variously estimated at from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000. He was formerly a very poor boy.

Adelina Patti is about to marry the Marquis Angles, a wealthy Spaniard.

Gen. Heintzelman has nominated Col. J. H. Taylor as his Chief of Staff and Assistant-Adjutant-General.

Gen. Halleck has appointed Capt. Robt. N. Scott, 4th U. S. Infantry, as his private secretary.

A handsome tomb is to be erected over the remains of the late Theodor Frelinghuysen, for many years President of Rutgers's College, and distin-

guished for his active connection with religious and humane enterprises. The tomb is to be in the Gothic style, very rich and massive, cut in solid Italian marble, with granite base.

A correspondent from Texas says: "It is the solemn intention of glorious old Sam Houston to run for Governor of Texas. If he is successful he will bring the long Star into the Union again; if unsuccessful, he will endeavor to erect it into an independent Republic."

President Lincoln has signified his intention to be present at the great Union League celebration in Philadelphia on the 4th of July.

Gen. Grant and Pemberton, now engaged in the deadly struggle at Vicksburg, were Lieutenants in the same regiment some years ago, and were firm friends.

Gen. Birney has ordered a Kearny cross to be struck for presentation to Gen. Meagher. It will be of solid silver, with the buckle and clasp of pure gold, with a heavy scarlet ribbon, and will bear the following inscription: "Gen. Meagher, of the Irish Brigade, as Kearny's friend and comrade, from the old division." The medal will be finished in time for presentation before the General's departure for Europe.

Capt. Hoskins, who was mortally wounded on the 30th of May in Moseby's raid, was a British officer who had lately entered into the rebel service. He was an excellent soldier and a most gallant man, having gained much honor in the Crimean war, and later in the Italian campaign under King Victor Emanuel. His commission and several medals gained for special acts of valor in the British service were found on his person. They have been sent to Lord Lyons, to be forwarded to his father, the Rev. C. Hoskins, Edenbridge, Kent, England.

Mr. William Winter, whose charming wife, nee Lizzie Campbell, has written some of the prettiest novellettes of the age, is to deliver a poem before the literary societies of the Norwich (Vermont) University at the commencement of that institution, August 12.

**Obituary.**—Madame Lamartine, the devoted wife of the great French poet and statesman, died at her husband's chateau in France, on the 18th May.

The Marquis de Montcal, formerly page to Louis XVI., died in Normandy, on the 3d May, aged 94 years.

The Missouri *Democrat* announces the death of a patriarch Goose, who departed this life on the 19th April, aged 52 years. It was the property of Daniel Palmer, of Buxton, Missouri.

Brig. Gen. Edmund Kirby, 1st artillery, died in Washington on the 30th May, from wounds received at the battle of Chancellorsville. He was a graduate of West Point, and joined the army, May, 1861. He was assigned to Ricketts's Battery as 2d Lieutenant, and at the first battle of Bull Run he assumed command of the Battery. Gen. Ricketts having been taken prisoner and the 1st Lieutenant killed. He continued in command of the Battery until his death. He was promoted to a Brigadier-Generalship for bravery on the field at the battle of Chancellorsville, and had taken a prominent and active part in all the battles in which the army of the Potomac were engaged, and a better soldier or a more brave or heroic officer has not met his death on the battlefield than Gen. Kirby. Gen. McClellan recommended him for promotion at the battle of Fair Oaks, for the valuable services rendered by his battery in that severely-contested battle. His commission of Brigadier-General was handed to him a few hours before he died.

**Accidents and Offences.**—Miss Fannie Jones, a most highly connected young lady of Baltimore, has been arrested by Gen. Schenck, charged with forwarding medicines to the rebels.

Miss Bell, one of the leaders of fashion of the Crescent City, has been arrested for grossly vituperating the Union officers. When arrested her conduct was very violent.

On the 30th May, the Provost-Marshal's guard arrested nine men, in a tavern, 41 Bowery, charged with refusing to give the enrolling officers their names. They were, however, subsequently released.

Christian Repp died in the City Hospital on the 30th May, from the effects of a wound received in a fight with Peter Riley and Patrick Maher, who are in prison awaiting trial.

On the 31st May, Philip McDermott, a compositor on the *World* newspaper, fell from the window of the room he was working in, and was instantly killed—it was the fourth floor.

On the 28th May one of the ovens in Wilson's cracker bakery exploded, wounding six of the workmen severely—one of whom died on the 31st.

A collision occurred 2d June on the Camden and Amboy Railroad—two persons were seriously injured. One of the trains was out of time.

One of our war balloons was caught by a gust of wind, when about 400 feet high in the air, which tore it so much that it descended with great precipitation to the ground. Most fortunately the aeronaut was not hurt, although much frightened.

On the evening of the 4th June the iron-works of Stevens of Hoboken took fire and much damage was done. A young man named Arnold was killed by the bursting of a shell. The explosions were so loud as to be heard in New York.

The oilcloth factory belonging to D. Powers & Sons, in Lansingburg, New York, was destroyed by fire on the 2d inst. Loss, \$30,000. Insured in this city for \$15,000.

**Foreign.**—The Royal Academy had their annual dinner in London, 2d May; Sir Charles Eastlake in the chair. Lord Palmerston and the Prince of Wales were present. The latter made his maiden speech in public. It was a very neat, sensible composition.

The grand Irish recruiting scheme, upon which so much Parliamentary thunder has been wasted, turns out to be a hoax, the Yankee American agent, who offered to give free passages to New York to all able-bodied men upon being paid threepence down, having collected many thousand threepences, has decamped to parts unknown. Great fun is made by the Irish Tory press of the poor dupes who have been so egregiously swindled.

"Queen Victoria," says the *Debut*, "is said to have just sent to Madame Guizot a magnificent copy of the 'Speeches and Addresses of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort,' to the French translation of which work M. Guizot had written a preface. This volume is bound in white morocco, and upon the fly-leaf the following words are written in the Queen's own hand:

"To M. Guizot, in remembrance of the best of men, and with the expression of gratitude for the sincere homage which he has rendered to him, from his unfortunate widow, VICTORIA R."

"Can anything be more touching and more noble than this simplicity in grandeur and in grief?"

An Irish paper says: On Monday evening Miss McKenny, a native of the county of Cavan, preached in Langrish place Methodist Chapel, Dublin, to a crowded congregation. She has been for some years preaching throughout other parts of Ireland, and has now for the first time occupied a pulpit in the metropolis. Her manner is pleasing, nothing bold or masculine about it. As a speaker she is really effective, having a well-cultivated voice, which she uses with great power. Her language is good, sometimes reaching what might be styled eloquent.

A lady and gentleman, returning from a ball given at Marseilles, were overtaken by a thunderstorm, and to the surprise of the gentleman, he suddenly found his fair companion enveloped in flames, the electric fluid having communicated with the steel of the crinoline and ignited her dress.

The London press has come to a calmer state of mind touching the international questions now pending between the two countries, and when the

news that Admiral Wilkes has been removed from command of the West India squadron is known, there will be additional good-feeling displayed on their side.

The news from Mexico is conflicting. The Havana papers say that Gen. Forey had taken Puebla, after a desperate battle, and had captured Ortega and 17,000 men. Other accounts say that the city still held out.

The Constitutional Convention of the United States of Colombia had adjourned, after passing the new Constitution and electing Mosquera Provisional President. The Capital is to remain at Bogota.

The State Legislature of Panama had passed a decree prohibiting French troops or ammunition from being passed across the Isthmus to Mexico, owing to the report that a large force of French soldiers were to be sent by that route to Acapulco.

The news from Central America is not important. Carrera, the President of Guatemala, had not followed up his threat to again invade Salvador; Jerez had been totally defeated in his effort to overthrow the Government of President Martinez in Nicaragua; the new President of Costa Rica, Jesus Jimenez, had been inaugurated.

**Art, Science and Literature.**—The latest scientific *ou di*, that James Watt will be proved to be the discoverer of photography.

Among the noticeable things of the week are a series of military caricatures by E. F. Mullen, an artist who has already made himself favorably known to the world, and whose pencil has appeared in the columns of this paper. They are drawings in water colors, and are exhibited at Carleton's, corner of Broadway and Lispenard. Those already shown comprise: "The Hawkins Zouave," "The Gallant 5th," "The 70th," "Les Enfants Perdus," "New York Light Guard," "The Lieutenant Home on Sick Leave," and "The Garde Lafayette." There is fun in every one of them, and will repay a visit, and bear publishing.

Jacob Barker, the New Orleans millionaire, has just finished his autobiography. He is 81.

N. P. Willis, whose taste in the fine arts is undoubtedly, has very justly called attention in the *Home Journal* to the excellent portraits now exhibiting in the National Academy of Design. They are by a young Englishman named John Phillips, who has only lately visited this country.

A great problem in geography—the source of the Nile—which has puzzled the learned long before the days of Herodotus, has been solved at last, by two English travellers, who have discovered, after two years laborious search, that the river Nile takes its rise in a lake near the equator. They have of course, called it Lake Victoria.

The letters in the London *Times* on the American question, signed Historicus, and which created so much sensation on both sides of the Atlantic, are now acknowledged to be written by a son of the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis. It has just been published in London in book form.

A Paris journal says: "Rossini was present lately during a series of experiments of M. Caselli, the inventor of the pantograph, and composed an air dedicated to the inventor, which was sent immediately to Marseilles without the slightest error. The Corps Legislatif has voted a sum for the application of M. Caselli's apparatus to all the lines of France."

The photographic art has recently been turned to valuable account in producing fac-simile copies of ancient manuscripts. It has been employed with great success on the Codex Argenteus of Upphala, the oldest (fourth century) sample extant of the Gothic language, the great mother tongue of the whole Germanic stock. We see it stated that Dr. Leo, a gentleman connected with the Royal Library in Berlin, was led by the numerous variations in the different reprints of the Upphala text to travel to Upsala, where the MS. is still preserved, and there take photographic pictures on glass of about sixty pages containing disputed texts. The process has gone a great way to solve difficulties and disputes, by showing what forms part of the original manuscript, and what has been written in and over it subsequently. The success of this application of photography suggests the publication of fac-simile editions of rare MSS. for the benefit of the distant student, and the submission of recon-dite parchments to this detective test before proceeding to purchase.

A new wagon has made its appearance in San Francisco. It is propelled by machinery, which is very simple. It consists of a revolving axle, fastened immediately behind the forward wheels, which is made to revolve by any force applied. This axle, or revolving beam, is made of iron, with bands—a sort of zigzag form. In these bands are attached iron bars, or legs, apart, on each side, and as the axle revolves these strike the ground with the regularity of the step of a team, and propel the wagon forward with a speed proportionate to the force applied. When the legs of one side of the axle strike the ground, those of the other rise.

**Chit-Chat.**—Why is Barnum like Stonewall Jackson? Because he is always making raids upon our quarters.

When Count D'Orsay was once congratulated on having attained the smallest cab-boy in London, he replied that he was leaving off his servants by degrees, and now should get rid of them altogether. A foreign correspondent says, "When I see the gradually receding robes of the ladies of Paris, I am reminded of D'Orsay's speech."

A very curious baby story comes to us from New Jersey. A mother and her daughter were confined on the same day, each having a little son. In the bustle of the moment both babies were placed in the same cradle, and to the confusion of the mothers, when the youngsters were taken from the cradle, they were unable to tell which was the mother's and which the daughter's son—a matter which, of course, must ever remain a mystery. The family is in the greatest distress over the affair.

Belle Forbes, the other day, overhearing one lady say to another, "I have something for your private ear," immediately exclaimed, "I protest against it, for privateering is illegal!"

A negro preacher, in his sermon, said, "Bred-dren and sisters, in dat day de Lord shall divide de sheep from de goats, and bress de Lord we know who wears de wool!"

The *Tribune* says Oliver Charlick, President of the Long Island Railroad Company, has lately lopped off no less than 1,300 deadbeats; adding, with its usual simplicity, "to the great disgust of the victims." Now, if the London *Times* should see this, and take it literally, it will at once connect our friend Oliver Cromwell Charlick with the guillotine said to be lately imported here, and no doubt, have a long editorial on American massacres.

The *Granite State News* states that the oldest of three brothers residing in Moltonboro', N. H., married quite a young girl the other day; his next brother married the girl's mother, and the youngest brother took for his wife the grandmother. Thus the eldest son was step-grandson to his youngest brother and son-in-law to his other brother. But the table of consanguinity is too complex to be intelligible to any except minds of a Sir Isaac Newton or Lord Bacon order.

A brother editor says: "To be a woman of fashion is one of the easiest things in the world. A late writer describes it: Buy everything you don't want, and pay for nothing you get; smile on all mankind but your husband; be happy everywhere but at home; neglect your children and nurse lapdogs; go to church every time you get a new dress."

The rebel rider, Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, seems to be a very frolicsome man. The diary of a rebel officer, lately captured, contains the following instance: "Gen. Stuart came to headquarters about midnight; had a great romp with his two aides, and roused up the whole camp by his shouting and singing. His conduct was held by his followers to be the prelude to some important event; he is said to be always very

gay when he is resolved upon any dashing achievement. Toward evening Gen. Stuart came into the tent, and we passed a tolerably pleasant evening. The General tickled his staff and threw them down in the mud. Then we had hard-boiled eggs and stories about his different raids."

The ladies of Westphalia having intimated to the ladies of Paris their intention of abolishing crinoline, and recommending their fair sisters of France to follow their example, Cham of *Charavari* very pigishly advises the Westphalia damsels to send their hams and not their fashions!

The *Bridgeton Reporter* says a lady, 75 years old, in an adjoining town, has recently married her fifth husband. The lady editor of the *Reporter* thinks "the honeymoon must be a commonplace affair to her." We don't know about that; we suspect the oftener ladies are married the better they like it.

Some say that George Fox founded the Society of Friends, but, according to Professor Agassiz, the earth was the first Quaker.

Says a rebel newspaper: "From the faces your fellow-travellers make over their hot coffee now a days, you may well imagine how very it is."

When Brigham Young takes his wives to the theatre they occupy five rows of seats. If they are not desecrated, the indulgence must cost him a trifle in admission money. If he takes their children they doubtless are at half price.

A large box of freight, directed to the American Glass Company, Pearl street, New York, was received on board the Ogdensburg boat, at Kingston, C. W., a few days ago. It was handled very carefully, but when the boat arrived at Sackett's harbor, to the great amazement of the passengers, the side of the box flew off, and out rolled two soldiers, able-bodied men, deserters from the Royal Artillery, Kingston.

Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie is publishing reminiscences of the late J. Sheridan Knowles. Among other anecdotes, he tells the following regarding Mr. Knowles's two famous books "The Rock of Rome," and "The Idol Demolished by its own Priest." It has been reported, and is believed, that on the day the first of these works was published, Knowles visited the British Museum; that Marshall, the attendant who usually got out the books required by Knowles, asked him, as usual, what works he needed, and that Knowles answered, "I have just published a book against Papi-stry, and have come here, my boy, to see whether the authorities I have quoted are correctly given." This was worthy of the man who, meeting Abbott, the actor, at Bath, said, "William, I am leaving Bath to-day, can I take any letters for you?" Abbott inquired where he was going, and Knowles answered, "I have not yet made up my mind."

## PUNCHIANA.

It would seem from the savageness with which *Punch* attacks the returned Indians, that advertising for female companions isn't as safe in England as it is here.

## AN ICE YOUNG MAN.

The following advertisement appears in the Glasgow *Herald*:

**WANTED**, by a Young Man, just returned from India, a COMPANION for a Pic-Nic Party, to take place on the Queen's Birthday. All letters treated confidentially. Address ( till Monday) enclosing Carte de Visite, M. S. S. &c., &c.

It just occurs to Mr. *Punch* that this young man is a decidedly cool young man, though that may be the result of his coming to Scotland from India. He says nothing about himself, except that he is a returned Indian (which usually means an awful bore), but he expects young ladies to send their pictures, and to await his gracious selection. His Oriental ideas are in a fine state of development. The advertisement, however, may only be a dodge for the purpose of filling his photograph book cheaply. If not, we should not be sorry to hear that he had been invited to an interview at which the other party had been, not a Scotch lassie, but her masculine relative, who had rewarded our Oriental friend's impertinence by a process that would not make him very anxious to sit for his photograph for some little time to come.

**PAM'S LAST.**—The Marquis of Pouch—"Well, my dear Palmerston, what did the Russian answer come to?"

The Premier—"Why, my dear Pouch, if you ask me, I should say it came to the front door in Chesham Place."

**CURIOUS.**—We were told that the other day a literary gentleman, being rather badly off for penic, sat down to write with a headache. It is, we believe, a painful operation, but a great saving of quills.

**MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM FOR THE NEW ARMY EXAMINATIONS.**—GIVEN: The relative heights of St. Paul's and the Monument.  
TO FIND: the height of the Season.

## A TRUE PREDICTION.

In January, 1861, Alexander Stephens, now Vice-President of rebellion, in a speech at Augusta, Georgia, said this:

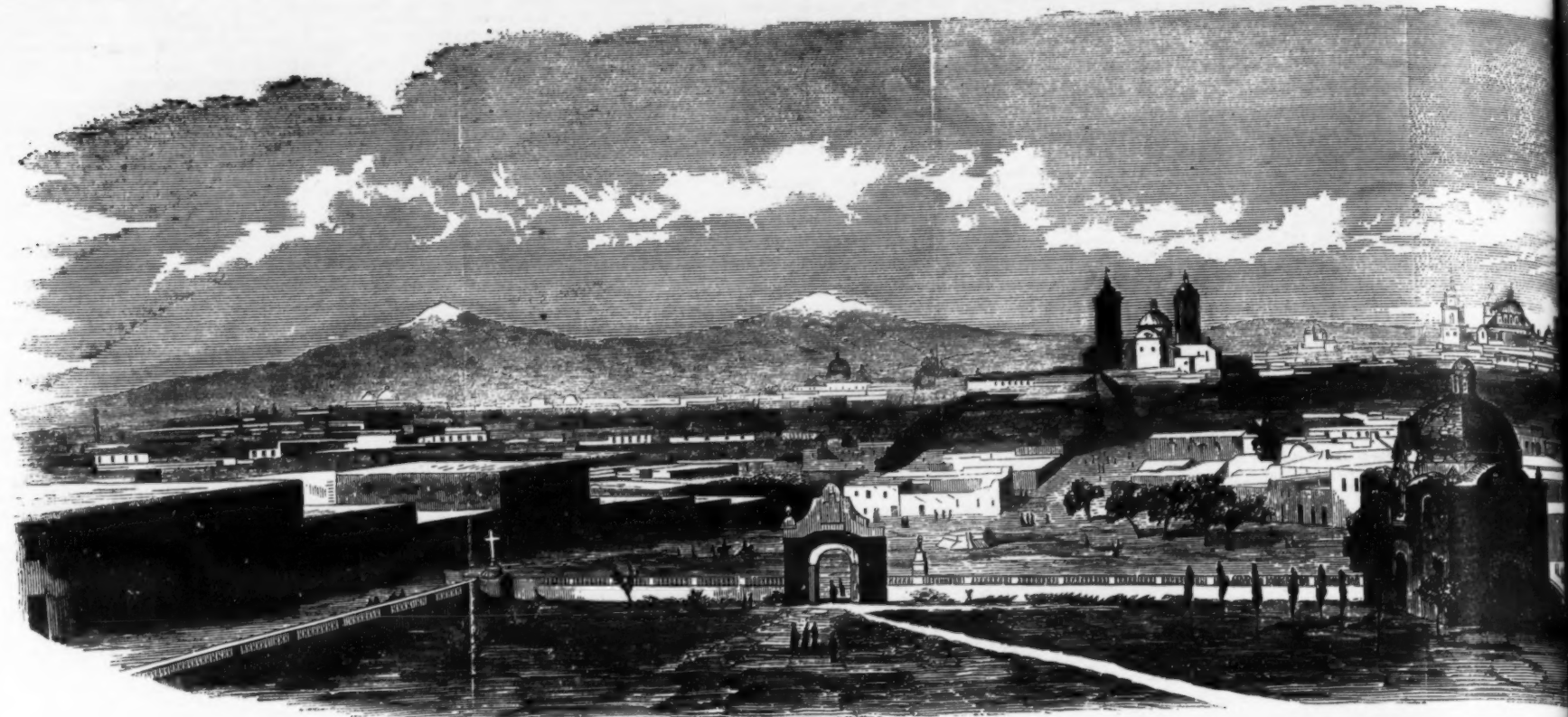
"That this step once taken could never be recalled, and all the baleful and withering consequences that must follow—as they would see—will rest on the convention for all coming time. When we and our posterity shall see our lovely South desolated by the demon of war which this act of yours will inevitably invite and call forth; when our green fields of waving harvests shall be trodden down by the murderous soldiery and fiery car of war sweeping over our land; our temples of justice laid in ashes; all the horrors and desolation of war upon us; who but this convention will be held responsible for it? and who but him who shall have given his vote for this unwise and ill-timed measure—as I honestly think and believe—shall be held to strict account for this suicidal act, by the present generation, and probably cursed and execrated by posterity for all coming time, for the wide and desolating ruin that will inevitably follow this act you now propose to perpetrate."

"Pause, I entreat you, and consider for a moment what reasons you can give that will even satisfy yourselves in calmer moments—what reasons you can give to your fellow-sufferers in the calamity that it will bring upon us? What reason can you give to the nations of the earth to justify it? They will be the calm and deliberate judges in the case; and to what cause or one overt act can you name or point, on which to rest the plea of justification? What right has the North assailed? What interest of the South has been invaded? What justice has been denied? and what claim founded in justice and right has been withheld? Can either of you to-day name one governmental act of wrong, deliberately and purposely done by the Government of Washington, of which the South has a right to complain? I challenge the answer!"

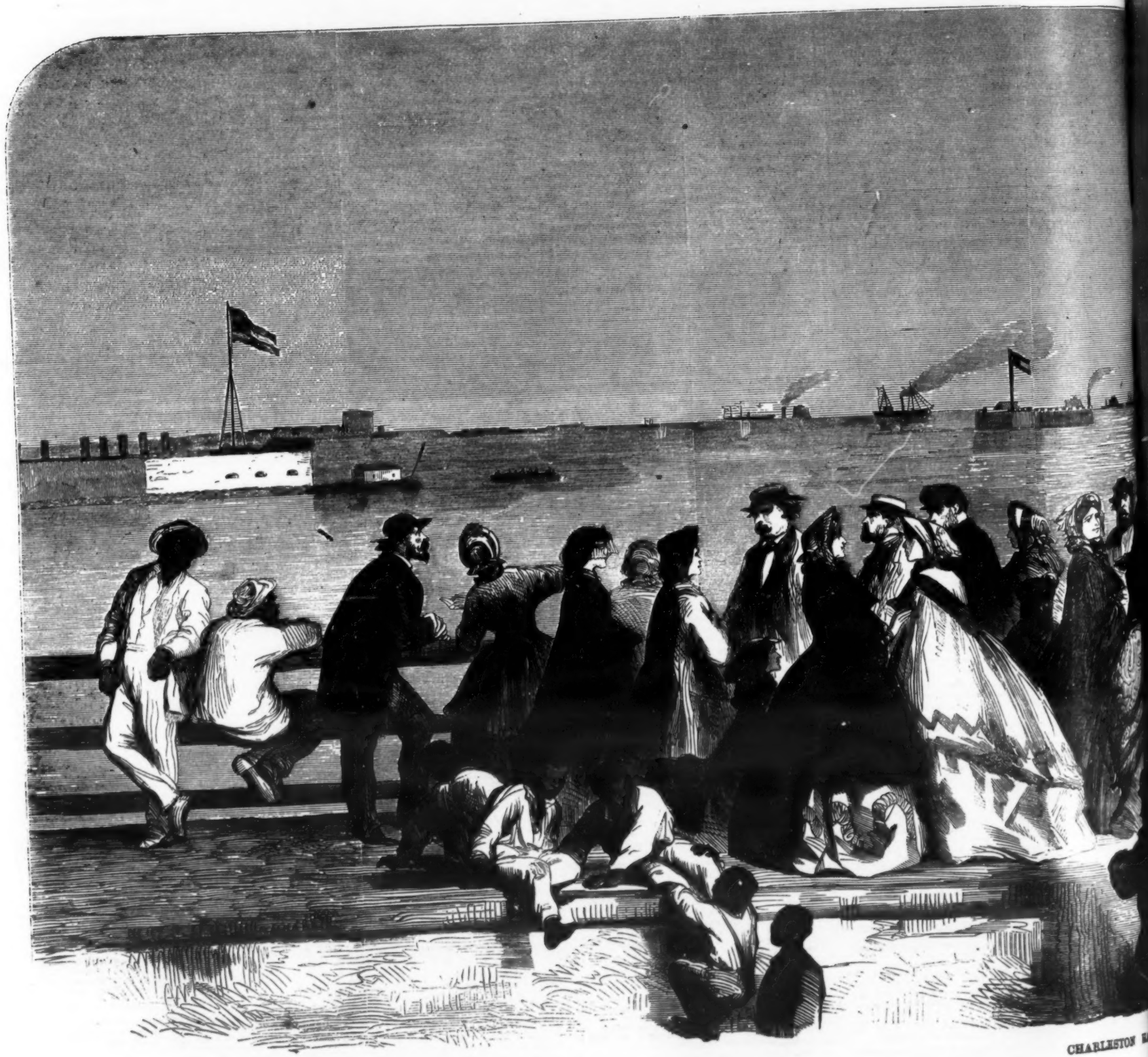
"Now, for you to attempt to overthrow such a government as this, under which we have lived for more than three-quarters of a century—in which we have gained our wealth, our standing as a nation, our domestic safety while the elements of peril are around us, with peace and tranquility accompanied with unbounded prosperity and rights unassailed—is the height of madness, folly and wickedness, to which I can neither lend my sanction nor my vote."

**DURYEA'S MAIZENA.**—Duryea's Maizena, like Duryea's Zouaves, is an excellent American institution, and we need hardly commend the former to housekeepers. To all who know and use corn starch, a few trials of the Maizena will show its superiority. That any preparation of Indian corn should have succeeded in meeting hearty approval in England is strange, but the Maizena has and deservedly.





VIEW OF THE CITY OF PUEBLA, MEXICO, THE



CHARLESTON





## APRIL SHOWERS.

Nelly and I sat teasing  
Under the tulip-tree,  
In a "tiff" with Nelly,  
Nell in a "tiff" with me.

"Fie, what a pout, Miss Nelly!"—  
"Fie, what a frown, young sir!"  
Why does she quarrel with me, though?—  
Why do I quarrel with her?

Spring was her "toilette" making,  
Robed in a verdure rare.  
With the first pale half-blown primrose  
At "hide-and-seek" in her hair.

The violet peeped from her home-nest  
With coy little dark-blue eye,  
And the cherry-blossoms courted the shower  
That lurked in the April sky.

The bee hummed, lazily skimming  
O'er the purple crocus' bed;  
The brown lark sprang from the furrow  
To the free space overhead.

Under the thatch the sparrows  
Strutted, and plumed their breasts,  
Twittering out to their helpmates  
Hints on the building of nests.

"Nelly!"—She beat with a "pit-pat"  
One little foot on the ground.  
I won't take the slightest notice—  
Perhaps it may mean "coming round."

"Nelly!"—She twisted a ribbon,  
I with my fingers drummed—  
Louder "my lord" lark carolled,  
Louder the brown bee hummed.

Down came the hail with a patter,  
Fast on the smooth green lawn,  
Out shone the sun with a welcome,  
Soon as the shower had gone.

"Oh, what a smile, my Nelly!"—  
"Yes, from the heart, too, sir."  
Why did she look at me so?  
What did I say to her?

Well!—with a glance and a whisper  
Something she knew was true—  
Something—Ah, never mind, though,  
What can it be to you?

## PRIZE STORY

No. 18.

## HANDSOME CHARLIE.

By Mary Kyle Dallas.

I, BENJAMIN BURLING, went out into the moonlight night when I had heard my answer from Edwina Darling's lips, and striding down the bright garden path, plunged into a shady spot amongst the shrubbery, where I could hide myself from sight, and there, with set teeth and clenched hands, stamped, and glared, and muttered to myself like any maniac. My blood was boiling in my veins, and for the time being I was mad. I called myself a fool—truthfully. Heaven knows!—and on her I lavished a host of undeserved epithets, of which "jade" and "jilt" were the mildest; and after vowing that I scorned her, ended by flinging myself upon the ground, amidst the grass and moss and sleeping wild flowers, and sobbing like a very child. Refused, refused—positively refused! by a girl of whose affection I had fancied myself certain. It was terribly bitter, doubly so, that I knew that; but for cousin Charley her answer might have been a different one. There was no living man whom I would not have accepted with better grace as a rival than this handsome cousin of mine, simply for the reason that he had been my rival as long as I could remember with every one. Looking back and judging dispassionately of myself, I believe that I could have borne this better had his superiority been based on any other grounds. Had friends and relatives worshipped him because he was morally better, had strangers courted him because he was mentally greater than I, I would not

have rebelled. Aye, even in the midst of that great agony of sorrow and humiliation, had I known that Edwina Darling had given her love to Charlie because his mind and heart were pure and lofty, I should have folded my hands and stepped aside, saying, "He deserves her best!" and only blushing for my own unworthiness. But to know that nothing but his handsome face constituted his superiority, that he was preferred before me by all merely because his form and features were perfect as a sculptor's dream, and that not only I, but a host of other men, good and brilliant, and every way more praiseworthy than either of us, were expected to bow humbly to the possessor of so much beauty, and play (vulgarily speaking) second fiddle when he was present, certainly galled me. Yet if she—if Edwina—had but cared for me I could have laughed at my old pique, and resigned all other hearts to him, having hers all my own. I had dreamed it might be so, and now—Ah, she also thought more of Grecian features and Oriental eyes and limbs like those of some young Apollo than she did of the man himself.

Refused! refused! refused! Again I muttered the words to myself and grovelled on the earth, with my face buried in the sweet spring grass, damp with the night dews.

A far away church clock struck twelve as I lifted up my head and looked about me. The light glimmered no more through the windows of the house beyond, the moon was low behind the hill tops, the twittering chirrup of the cricket was the only sound that reached my ear, and sitting up I thought, for the first time until now, I had only raved meaninglessly.

Was it Edwina's fault? Had she jilted me? What had she done to deceive me? Nothing, surely nothing. Her face—it was not a pretty one, though men always fell in love with it—her face had bewitched me; her soft, noiseless grace, her rich voice, her dimples and blushes, her candid, unaffected speech, her girlish, light-hearted laugh, a thousand nameless charms that forced themselves upon me hour by hour, had riveted the chain. But how could she help that? I had followed her when, as I could see now, she fled from me; I had proposed and she had refused me. I came very near raving again at that word. There, upon that balcony, over which a rose vine, ghostly in the fading moonlight, clambered and drooped, my partner in the waltz, I had drawn her forth into the pleasant air after the dance was done, and had told her—well, no matter what—something to which she had answered "No!" It seemed to me as if the echo of that "No!" must ring in my ears for ever, though it was very sweetly spoken. And she had not told me she loved Charlie; perhaps it was some one else—perhaps no one. My heart leaped up a moment at the thought, and then I laughed, a cold, curt, bitter laugh, that sounded harshly on the still night air. A thousand things which had passed unheeded at the time flashed distinctly on my memory now, from the day when he, coming to Woodville to see me (I believe it was only an excuse to form Edwina's acquaintance), had looked into her eyes and touched her frankly offered hand, she had liked him better than any living thing. Blind mole that I had been to doubt it for a moment. Yes, she was not to blame. If I hated any one it must be Charlie.

And then I fell to thinking of the day when I first saw him riding up to the stone gateway of the garden. I had been an inmate of the house for a whole month, and for just that space of time had known Edwin. A young, ill-broken horse, which she would ride in her gay fearlessness, ran away with her, and I, walking leisurely along the romantic woodpath, with my sketchbook under my arm, had sprung forward just in time to save her, for, close at hand lay a dangerous precipice, down which both horse and rider must have been plunged to inevitable death. A bruised arm and a broken rib or two, the result of my interference with the spirited animal, gave me, despite the pain, some of the

happiest moments I had ever known, for, carried senseless into Edwina's home, nothing could induce her father to let me leave it until I had quite recovered, and, in her gratitude, she, with a sleep-old nurse for a duenna, watched over me. Oh how I had learnt to love her! Years of ball centuries of the opera, could not have given me such a knowledge of her heart as that one month of sickroom days. I would have given the remainder of my life to have lived that one month over and then have died. That month, which ended as I sat beside her on the shady porch and saw my handsome cousin rein his horse beside the garden gate.

It was all over now. I had nothing to do but to go home and bear it as I might. If I had not been a fool I could have spared myself the worst. But now she had refused me, I could not if I wished be a mere friend to her again. And, perhaps, in those coming days when she should be Charlie's wife, she would tell him of my stupidity, and they would laugh together over the ordinary mortal who dared to dream of bearing the palm from such a splendid rival.

I was wild again, and with a crazy sort of spleen kicked my own hat, which lay upon the ground until that triumph of the hatter's art would have been a beggar's scorn. It is strange what absurd things men will do when in a passion.

I went home to my own little bedroom, a closet-like apartment letting out of my studio, and after tearing a portrait of Edwina, which I had painted and hung where my waking eyes should always fall upon it, from its stretcher and burning it up piecemeal, went to bed and, strange'y enough, to sleep. But such dreams as I had, such dragons with Charlie's face upon their scaly shoulders as flew through them, such beautiful fiends, still with his features, as tore Edwina from my arms and vanished (stage fashion!) through the floor with her, surely never disturbed man's rest before. When I awoke in the morning and looked at myself in the glass, I saw a pallid face and sunken eyes that seemed a stranger's. I tell it lightly now, but it was very bitter then, very, very hard to bear.

To forget her, and to revenge myself upon him this was my determination, as succeeding days cooled my first hot passion, and I wondered at the firm determined animosity which rooted itself in my heart. It was a new thing to me to hate any one.

I went no more to Woodville. I declined all invitations persistently which might bring me into Edwina's presence. Shut up in my studio, I painted all day long upon a picture, a strange one, as I owned to myself. Satan, the archfiend, and no other, whispering in the ear of a beautiful woman. On her finger was a wedding-ring, in her hand a letter, brought by the sly waiting-maid, who lingered in the background, and at her shoulder the fiend, whispering one might guess what by the lady's guilty blushes. To him, the demon, I gave Charlie's perfect features, and how I enjoyed bringing out the likeness words cannot tell.

As for the lady, she was still vague and indistinct, a mere dead-colored blot upon the canvas to be brought out at leisure. It kept me busy, and made me fancy that I was not thinking of Edwina. Sometimes I saw Charlie. I could not avoid that his relationship brought us in frequent contact, and it was the talk of all the family by this time that he was betrothed to Edwina. "Scarcely handsome enough for Charlie," said grandmamma, swaying backward and forward in her rocking-chair. "But not one in a thousand would be handsome enough for him." And a chorus of assent from a circle of aunts and cousins responded to the remark. It was such a meritorious thing to be handsome, they all appreciated it. I used to go back to my studio after such conversations, and paint with redoubled pleasure on that head of Satan, with Charlie's features.

At last I heard that the wedding day was fixed and that they were to be married in three months.

A sudden change came upon me then; instead of avoiding them I sought their society. Charlie, at last, should not think I was breaking my heart in silence. I courted invitations; I became more of a dancing man than I had ever been. I laughed often and uttered merry speeches. I know that I acted my part well in public. But oh! the reaction, the miserable reaction when I was alone and grovelled amongst the bedclothes as I had upon the grass that night, thought of some love like look or whisper which had passed between them. God forgive me for hating Charlie as I did then. I prayed for revenge, and it came.

Woodville was a quiet place and few strangers visited it, but one arrived that year who caused a sensation—a lady, young, beautiful and an heiress—ordered to that mountain air for her health, they said. Though how such sparkling beauty could speak of anything but perfect health was a marvel, Miss Granville was quite as handsome for a woman as Charlie was for a man, but in a different style



"Refused."

for she was the most perfect blonde I ever gazed upon. People went wild about her, and good old grandmamma—rocking as of yore before the parlor fire—said softly:

"Ah, dear me! If Charlie had not engaged himself to that good little Edwina, what a pretty couple they would make to be sure!" and aunts and cousins echoed the sentiment as usual.

As for me, I saw, with strange surprise, that Charlie was fascinated by this new beauty; that in Edwina's presence his eyes turned on the stranger; that a change had stolen over his heart and that Edwina knew it. I saw, too, that Miss Granville did her best to chain him to her side, and triumphed in her power. Once, at a concert, I sat close behind this lady and her brother, and in a lull of the music heard her say:

"So, handsome Charlie, as they call him, is really engaged to that plain little Miss Darling. It is absolutely wicked of such a girl to monopolize that magnificent man. I'll plague her well. I'll have him at my feet before the summer is over."

The brother said something of rather an uncomplimentary nature in reply, insinuating, in brotherly fashion, that she had too high an opinion of her own charms; and the music, bursting forth again, I heard no more. But I pondered over that speech all night, and wondered what would come of it. I watched them, too; and found, at last, that there was, to say the least of it, a strong flirtation going on between the two. She, I believe, took the lead in the matter, and Charlie, left to himself, might only have admired and forgotten, but as it was, he waded into the dangerous sea neck deep. I knew all; where he met her and when; what interchange of flowers and smiles and sighs passed between them—often what they said.

I kept a journal of these things, and at last sent it, anonymously written in a feigned hand, to Edwina. "Watch here and there at such and such times," I said, "and you shall see how worthy your handsome lover is with your own eyes. Ah! girl, he may marry you, for your fortune is a large one, but he loves Miss Granville for her beauty as you loved him for his."

I sealed this cruel letter and sent it to Edwina by the post, taking good care to see her after she had received it. Poor child! her eyes were swollen and her cheeks pale, and there was a heart-broken look on her sweet face that made my conscience pinch me. But I watched her, and knew that she followed my directions to the letter, and learnt my warning was no falsehood.

One evening, strange to say it was the anniversary of the night on which she had refused me, I heard Edwina ask Charlie, in a marked manner that betokened something unusual, to come into the garden with her. It was at the piano, under cover of the waltz she was playing, but I heard the words plainly, and when they left the room followed them, as soon as I could politely leave a prosy old gentleman who was inflicting some reminiscences of General Jackson upon me in the corner. If there is any excuse for so mean an act as eaves-dropping, mine must be that jealousy and mortification had made me mad.

Shielded by the lilac bushes and the great clumps of seringa which grew along the path, I traced the two to a lonely spot where I had flung myself upon the grass a year before. They stood opposite each other, and I, peeping at them from the shadow of the foliage, saw both their faces, white and corpse-like, in the moonlight. The first words I heard were these:

"Charles, I have the evidence of my own eyes. I know the truth—I saw you!"

"But you do not understand—you wrong me, in-



The Rivals on the Battleground of Bull Run.



deed you wrong me. It was a mere flirtation," murmured Charlie. "I don't love. I love no one but you."

"Tender love, indeed," she answered, scornfully. "Do not make me despise you, Charles."

"I swear I speak truth," panted Charlie. "She is wonderfully pretty, but I do not love her." "No," said Edwina, "you love no one but yourself. But she thinks you do, and boasts of her triumph over that plain girl who has dared to monopolize the handsomest man in Woodville."

Charlie winced; the tone in which these words were spoken was bitterly contemptuous.

"And you have neglected me, forgotten your former protestations, allowed me, as you thought, to pine for you while you were at her side. Thank Heaven that I have learnt the truth in time and that I can put you out of my heart for ever!"

"Edwina!"

"Aye, no acting, sir. You have ceased to love me, and I no longer care a rush for you. Go, win your beauty if you can. I give you your freedom and take mine."

"Edwina, Edwina! You surely cannot mean this!"

"Why not, sir?"

"I swear, Edwina, I love you, always have loved you. She (upon my word I would not boast if you were not so hard upon me)—she courts me, not I her, and what can a man do in such a case?"

"What can a woman do? I have encouraged no one."

"It is so different with a girl. Edwina, forgive me, only forgive me this once, you shall not complain again."

"Forgive you!" and she laughed. "Ah! Charles, I know you too well now. If you are so very handsome that women court you, and so weak that you cannot resist them, your wife, left alone at home, would have a weary time of it. I am no beauty, Charles, but the man I marry must prefer my plain face to any other; there is no humble love in me. I will be nothing if I am not all."

"Edwina—stop—listen!"

"No, Charles. It's all over. I could not trust you. I cannot marry you. You could not change my resolution were you to plead for ever. I will never be your wife!"

"You cannot say that—you cannot mean it!"

"I can and do. Good-bye," and flinging back his outstretched hand she glides from the moonlight into the shadow, and vanished like a spirit.

Then, from the pallid lips of my handsome cousin went up a cry of agony such as I had never heard—not loud, but intense and awful. I looked to see him drop dead, as it was uttered, and held my breath in terror. But the spasm passed, and his pale lips quivered: "Oh, my God! I have lost her! I have lost her! I have lost her!" and sobs which could only come from a strong man's bosom broke upon the night air. I had my revenge now, and would have given my right hand to cast it from me and undo what I had done.

Like one with blood upon his guilty hand I stole from the slumber and went back to the parlor I had left. Edwina was there already, with a crimson glow upon her cheek and a strange light in her eye. She sang, she danced, she burst into peals of merry laughter, and the rest thought her gay. I pierced the mask and trembled. She had a tender heart with all her woman's pride, my pretty Edwina.

The next morning I heard that she lay raving with a fever, her life despaired of, and that he, Charlie, had gone no one knew whither.

This was my revenge. I had done it all. That day I wrote to those who had offered me a lieutenancy, for the war had already broken out and soldiers were being called for, and told them I was ready. So were they. A week from that time I saw my name written with the prefix of Lieutenant. Of course I was not fit for the position, but no one thinks of that now-a-days, and the fact troubled my conscience very little. It was not that which made my cheek blanch and my limbs fail me as I glanced along the line before me: it was the face of my handsome cousin Charlie turned toward me with a stern, desperate look it had never worn before. A common soldier, nothing more. He had sought no commission, no honor, no glory: he had enlisted with one hope, that of being shot. I read that in his eye, and felt miserably guilty and unspeakably remorseful. At last when we were alone together he spoke to me.

"You wonder to see me here," he said. "Oh, Ben, you don't know what I have suffered. It is all over between Edwina and me, and life is nothing to me now. As well be food for powder as anything else. I'm not brave enough to commit suicide."

What could I say? What could I do? I shook his hand and tears came into my eyes. I could have wept for the man I had prayed to be revenged upon. And as I turned away I wondered whether Edwina were living or dead.

A week afterward we left the city for the seat of war.

That first disastrous battle of Bull's Run, who does not remember it? How many loving women went well nigh mad as the exaggerated accounts of the dreadful truth reached their ears? We were in the thick of it, and throughout the fighting I watched handsome Charlie. A desperate fellow, covered with smoke and blood, and fighting like a tiger. In the stampede I lost sight of him. Soon I lost sight of my own identity: a ball struck me in the side and I dropped down senseless.

All night long I had lain there upon the wet ground. It must have been all night, for it was sunrise when I opened my eyes; my head rested on the soaked grass, my feet touched something—what? Struggling to a sitting position I gazed at it, a sad object, the body of a soldier flat upon its face. The cap was off, and the damp clusters of black curls were visible. As I looked at them an awful horror seized me, and with a mighty effort I lifted up the head and looked on my cousin Charlie's face. If ever man prayed for death, or

rather for that oblivion which seems death to men when they pray for it, I did at that moment. A mother never joyed so in the first sound of her first born's voice as I did in that feeble moan which told me Charlie was still living.

"Water, water."

That was all, and I crept to a pool hard by and filled my hands and put them to his lips and sprinkled his poor forehead. At last he opened his eyes and knew me.

"Ben, is it you?" he faltered. "The time I prayed for has come—I'm dying."

"No, no—not dying, Charlie."

"I think so. Oh! that horrible pang. I don't know what it was. It seemed to tear me limb from limb. A man cannot be mashed and mangled so and live, can he, Ben?"

"God knows, men do live who are crushed and torn; that is war's worst fate. Where are you wounded, Charlie?"

"Wounded?" he commenced with a bitter laugh.

"There's nothing but a mangled mass of flesh and bones left of this leg, I fancy, and there is a bullet somewhere in my breast; that happened before I fell. Do you think I want to live?"

I had lifted his head to my knee, and sat looking down upon his handsome face through a blurred mist.

Presently he spoke again.

"Swear you will do it, Ben," he said.

"Do what?" I faltered.

"If you live to go home and I do not, go to Edwina. Tell her that I swore with my last breath that I loved her beyond all earthly things. It was only vanity, folly that made me yield to that flirtation. Miss Granville was nothing to me. She, Edwina, was all the world. Ben, you'll tell her?"

I had done it all—I, I; this was the last thought that crossed my mind as I sank backward.

The next thing I knew we were together in an ambulance with other wounded men, driving toward the hospital. Two days we had been lying there when they found us, and at first they were going to leave Charlie behind for dead. I was in no danger, but a tormenting bullet hid itself from the surgeons and left me lingering on the sick list. As for poor Charlie he lay knowing no one, caring for nothing, for long weeks. They had amputated his leg, just in time to save his life, but somehow the smallpox had attacked him and taken away the little hope that remained. That miserable shadow could not live, the doctors said, and I believed them. Still he did not die, and we were sent to New York together to find a place in the already crowded hospitals.

He was young, and had been very strong. Nature fought with death and conquered. One day they told me he might live; the next that he would surely do so. Soon after that he knew those about him, and had asked for me. I was very weak yet, and that bullet had not been found, but I crept from my cot and went to his, suffering other agony than that of my wound as I thought upon the past.

Handsome Charlie! Ah me, no one would ever call him by that name again, scared and seared and scarred from brow to chin, his rich curls damp and thin, his blooming beauty gone for ever; but for his splendid eyes, spared, thank God, through all, I had not known him. I sat down beside him and wept; only I knew what reason I had to weep. He did not speak. He only hid his poor seared face upon my arm, and the others went away and left us together.

Half an hour had passed, I think, when a step close by caused me to raise my eyes, and standing near us saw a lady in a close hood with a veil about her face. She was speaking to a nurse, and seemed to shrink from observation, for she turned her head away and wrapped her shawl about her hurriedly as I gazed upon her. When she went she left a basket in the nurse's hands and a bouquet of flowers.

"For this gentleman," said the nurse, a pleasant-faced woman, as she came to Charlie's bedside. "The lady has been here almost every day for two weeks. A good, kind creature I'm sure she is. She cried when I told her you were better. Now cheer up, do. Look, what sweet flowers."

And poor Charlie folded his frail fingers about the blossoms and laid them against his heart.

"A woman gave them, and it is something to have any woman feel tenderly towards you," he said softly. "Ah me! Ah me! Ben, you will do what you promised?"

I knew that he was thinking of Edwina. That tormenting bullet grew very troublesome soon after, and for some time I could spend but a few moments daily with poor Charlie.

But often when I came I caught a glimpse of that veiled and hooded lady gliding away, and Charlie told me that he often wakened to find her sitting at his bedside. Fruit and flowers and delicate jellies came mysteriously to the little stand beside his cot, and it was plain that the unknown lady had an unusual interest in this one patient. But he had not yet seen her face, and she had never spoken to him. It was often so, the nurse said when I questioned her; ladies would sometimes fancy a resemblance to a brother or husband or son in a patient, and, as one might say, make a sort of pet of him.

And I accepted this explanation.

A rainy day, a damp, disagreeable day, when clammy moisture seemed to cling to everything, was upon us. Such weather seldom makes men cheerful, and the dampness brought such additional pangs to those wounded sufferers that the hospital seemed gloomier than ever. Charlie, with terrible twinges in his poor maimed limbs, was very short and crusty and found fault with everything, and the plump nurse had a few worried puckers about her mouth and forehead as she confided to me the fact that he was "awful cross."

"She'll not come to-day," he said, as I sat down.

"Who will not come, Charlie?"

"That lady; I miss her when she stays away, and she'll never come through all this rain."

"Ah, you know her and have spoken to her," I said.

"Not I," said Charlie; "she comes and goes like a ghost. But I'll swear that I waked up yesterday and found her crying over me. I felt the tears. I have no doubt she is a soldier's mother, and is kind to me for her son's sake. I want to see her and thank her."

Just as he spoke a door hard by opened a very little way, and a woman's head, shrouded in hood and veil, peeped in. It drew back again, but not before I had seen the eyes, and known they were not those of a stranger. I made for the door as quickly as I could, but the lady had vanished. In a little while the nurse came in with a parcel in her hand.

"There," she said, speaking to Charlie as he might to a baby, "Isn't she a nice lady to come through the pouring rain with these good things?"

"Where is she?" asked Charlie.

"Gone!" said the nurse; "she didn't stay a moment. But she dropped this handkerchief. I'll put it up over your bed so she can find it when she comes—on this hook, where she can't miss seeing it." And she hung a soft handful of white cambric over a peg driven in the wall.

The moment she had gone I snatched it down; a name was written in the corner, and I read it eagerly.

"Ah! what is it?" asked Charlie, and I answered quickly, "Jane Smith," and hung it up again with a beating heart, for the letters which had met my eyes, woven amidst the embroidery, spelt

EDWINA DARLING.

A little while after I spoke of her, and said to Charlie:

"Do you love her still; would you be happy if she loved you?" He answered me with such a glance from his brown eyes.

"Happy! It is the only thing that could make me happy now. Why do you speak of it? A crippled man, with a seared face and broken health, has no right to think of woman's love. If I had returned what I once was, I might have sought to change her determination; but as it is, I shall never try to see her again. Lonely I must live, lonely die. Yet I shall love her memory for ever, and utter her name with my last breath."

I said no more. But all night I lay awake thinking, and the next day I was on the watch. She came at dusk—that veiled and hooded lady—and leaving her flowers and fruit would have glided away again, but that I, coming from my hiding-place, stopped her.

"I know you," I said, "I know you, Edwina Darling, and you shall not go until you have heard me speak."

She turned then and flung her hood back, and I saw the face of the woman I had loved.

"It is my last coming," she said. "He will discover me. Also, I must not be found here again; and you must not tell him. Promise me you will not tell him, Mr. Burleigh?"

"Then you will desert him?" I asked.

"Desert him! ah!" and she uttered a little cry of pain. "I have no right to be with him; we are nothing to each other now."

"You are something to him," I said. "You are his life, his soul!"

She put her hand upon her heart and looked at me.

"He loved you always; throughout his folly he only cared for you. When he lay—as we both thought—dying in my arms, he swore that this was true, and bade me tell you so."

We were in a little passage way, with deep windows along the side, and upon the seat of one of these Edwina sank down.

"Oh, my poor, poor Charlie!" she sobbed softly, "ah, my poor, poor Charlie!"

"Poor indeed," I said. "It were better he had died then—"

"Oh, no—no! You are cruel to say that," sobbed Edwina.

"Cruel!" I said. "It is you who are cruel; you have said you will not see him; you are going back to Woodville, leaving him here alone. You have seen that his beauty is all gone, that the fine features, and splendid form you loved are no more, and that at once proved the man is nothing to you. Bah! all you women care for is the face. Poor disfigured Charlie will learn that very soon. Again I say, better he were dead."

She crushed her face against the rain-spattered window-pane, and sobbed aloud. Then, lifting up her head, she panted, "You do not speak the truth; you belie true womanhood, you wrong me, Mr. Burleigh."

"Yet you have ceased to love Charlie."

I saw the woman's pride come into her eyes again, and her voice was stronger as she spoke:

"We parted months ago. I told him he was free and left him. I had reason to be angry with him—reason to think that as his wife I should be miserable. Whatever may have once passed between us we should be strangers now. I have overstepped the bounds of modesty, I fear, in coming here. He must not know it; you must not tell him. I could not help it. Oh! poor, poor Charlie!" And the woman's love broke down the woman's pride again. I took her hands in both my own.

"Edwina," I said, "I am your friend and Charlie's also; let me tell you what to do. Go into yonder room, say to him, I have come to forgive you—make what amends you can for his misery, and be to him what only a loving woman can be to man. For so surely as I live, Edwina, I believe that he speaks only truth when he says his heart never swerved for one moment, and that mere folly and vanity prompted that flirtation for which he has paid so dearly. Edwina, let me take you to him."

She shrunk back.

"No, no, no," she murmured, "you do not understand. A woman cannot do such things; should he see me again I will forgive him, but I cannot offer him forgiveness unasked."

"He will never do it, Edwina," I said. "Don't hope that. Handsome Charlie returning with all his strength and beauty might have done so; but men have pride as well as women, and he will never offer his seared face and crippled body to any woman, least of all to you, Edwina."

She sobbed again. I saw how she was melting, but I forced my voice to sound sternly as I spoke:

"I see how it is," I said. "He is not the bright-faced youth who won your heart; you cannot love him; you could not wed him, seared and crippled as he is. You are right; leave him, since you have ceased to care for him. I will not tell him you have been here."

"Ceased to care for him. I love him better, far better than ever. Cruel man! you know it! Ah! what shall I do?"

I took her hand in mine again. "This is no time for pride, Edwina," I said, "make the poor boy happy, and God bless you both," and with these words I led her, unresisting, through the hospital to the pillow where Charlie lay, said to him, "Look up, my boy, this is Edwina," and left the woman I had loved and my once hated rival alone together. And so I had my revenge. Last night they were married—Heaven make them happy for ever. I am in my studio again altering that picture. I have painted out the Satanic form, and left only Charlie's handsome face. When it is finished you will see a lover whispering soft-nothings to his lady, and that lady shall wear Edwina's features.

By-the-way my dly waiting-maid shall be also changed. I will transform her into an angel, smiling on the pair, and Edwina's young sister, brought home from boarding-school to be a bridesmaid, shall give it her sweet face.

What a lovely girl she is. Even Edwina fades into nothing in her presence. We are together very often, and I am never so happy as when with her. Perhaps—no matter—I'll keep my day dreams to myself, she may refuse me as her sister did. *Entre nous*, I don't believe she will—there is no other handsome Charlie.

## SKIRMISHING IN THE WOODS IN THE ADVANCE ON VICKSBURG.

OUR Artist presents a most beautiful scene, could we but forget the deadly nature of it. A party of skirmishers, thrown out in front in the almost impenetrable wood, came suddenly upon a similar party of the enemy, and the woods soon rang with the sharp ring of the rifle, sending death to each other, and announcing to the main bodies that the struggle had begun.

## PUEBLA.

We call our reader's attention to the beautiful view of Puebla, which has witnessed such a struggle before its walls, and where the Mexican patriots have so nobly repulsed the soldiers of the ambitious ruler of France. In his dream of establishing a check to our growing power, he little expected to be foiled by a force of Mexicans at Puebla.

Puebla is one of the ancient cities of Mexico, capital of a State of the same name. It is situated about 50 miles south-east of the City of Mexico, on a gentle declivity, dotted, as far as the eye can reach, with beautiful residences and scenes of natural magnificence. Like all old towns in the Republic, it is walled. The population numbers over 80,000, of the various sorts to be found in a mixed nationality, and poor and vicious classes greatly prevail. Next to Mexico, the city has more richly decorated church edifices and religious schools than any other in the continent. The earliest manufactory of pottery on this continent was at Puebla, and is now carried on there with a perfection which entitles it to be regarded as an art. There are several cotton and paper factories in the place.

## DESTRUCTION OF A STEAMER Attempting to Run Out of Charleston

ON the night of the 20th of May a large steamer was discovered by the Powhatan coming out of Charleston by the North Channel. She was fired at repeatedly, and finally driven back; but before she reached the bar again, the Powhatan's fire, and that of two or three other blockaders that had slipped their cables and came up, was so heavy and well-directed that the Anglo-rebel was bored through and through and sunk in about eight fathoms of water. Nothing but her topmasts were visible the next morning at daylight. She was a very large steamer, loaded with an immense cargo of cotton and tobacco. Her name was not ascertained, nor the fate of her officers and crew. They were probably drowned, going down with the ship, as she went under very suddenly.

## SWORD PRESENTED TO COL. H. F. CLARKE, Chief Commissary of Subsistence, Army of the Potomac.

WE give an engraving of a very elegant sword presented to Col. Clarke by the Commissaries under his command. It is a pure Damascus blade, appropriately etched. The grip is of solid silver, having a figure of Liberty standing on a globe, her golden cap set with diamonds. The guard is of silver gilt, bearing the initial letter C set with brilliants. The mountings are of solid silver with emblematic devices. The scabbard is extremely rich and well designed.

The sword was got up by Messrs. Toms, Son & Melvill, No. 6 Maiden Lane, New York, one of the oldest and most respectable houses in the country.

This beautiful weapon was presented by the Commissaries to the worthy Colonel at Col. R. R. Cox's tent, which was tastefully decorated. Many distinguished personages were present, among others Senators Chandler and Wade; Gens. Hooker, Sedgwick, Neill, Graham and the officers of their several staffs, who all cordially greeted Col. Clarke on his well merited gift.

FUSILLI ON SMALL TALK.—Fuselli had "a great dislike to commonplace observations. After sitting perfectly silent for a long time in his own room, during "the bald, disjointed chat" of some idle callers-in, who were gabbling with one another about the weather, and other topics of as interesting a nature, he suddenly exclaimed, "We had pork for dinner to-day." "Dear Mr. Fuselli, what an odd remark." "Why, it is as good as anything you have been saying for the last hour."

A LADY sometimes keeps charms upon her watch-guard; but it is more important that she keep watch and guard upon her charms.



## THE REFUGEES.

By the mountain springs of the Cumberland,  
Under the leafless trees,  
With faces lit by the midnight brand,  
And hand close clasped in trembling hand,  
Sat the hunted refugees.

A woman, one with untimely frost  
Creeping along her hair;  
And a boy whose sunny locks had lost  
Small store of the gold of childhood, tossed  
By a mother's kisses there.

The clouds hung thick on the mountain's  
brow,  
And the stars were veiled in gloom,  
And the gorges around were white with  
snow,  
But below was the prowling, cruel foe,  
And the light of a burning home.

"Mother, the wind is cold to-night,"  
Said the boy in childhood's tone;  
"But oh! I hope in the morning light  
That the Union lines will come in sight,  
And the snow will soon be gone."

"I am very weary, mother dear,  
With the long, long walk to-day;  
But the enemy cannot find us here,  
And I shall slumber without a fear  
Till the night has passed away."

"So tell me now ere I sleep once more  
The message that father gave  
To his comrades for you and me before  
The glorious fight on the river's shore  
That made a soldier's grave."

Then the mother told with tearless eye  
The solemn words again:  
"Tell her I shall see her standing by,  
When the calm comes on of the time to die,  
And the wounds have lost their pain."

"And teach my boy for ever to hold  
In his heart all things above—  
The wealth of all earth's uncounted gold,  
Or life with its sweet, sad joys untold—  
The worth of a patriot's love."

As his blood at the message quicker stirred  
The boy's bright arteries through—  
"I will remember every word,"  
He said, "And the angels who must have  
heard,  
They will remember too."

Then clasped as a mother clasps who stands  
Alone between love and death,  
Unfelt were the spectral, chilly hands  
That softly tighten the soothing bands  
Over the falling breath.

Mother and child, as the fire burned low,  
Slept on the earth's cold breast:  
The night passed by, and the morning slow  
Broke the veil of cloud o'er the stainless  
snow,  
But never their perfect rest.

## THE MAID OF THE RAPIDS:

A Story of the St. Lawrence.

By Herman Bolivar.

At a steamboat landing in one of the beautiful towns upon the St. Lawrence there lay the large and magnificent steamer Brockville early one evening, just ready to start upon her course down the river. The shrill roar of the escape-pipes, the busy movements of the crew, the arrival of passengers and freight, and the hurried voices of command, inquiry and adieu, all served to form a scene the most indifferent observer could not have beheld without interest in the gathering twilight of that coming night.

Among the very last of the passengers coming aboard of the steamer was a young lady, scarcely seventeen years of age, and of such angelic beauty and grace that every eye gazing upon her followed her movements with delight. She was the only child of the wealthy Colonel Ridout, of Montreal, one of the largest steamboat proprietors of the St. Lawrence, and was now returning to her splendid home, attended by a single maid. Often had Ada been up and down the river with her father, and well had she treasured up its intricate turns and windings, as we shall soon have occasion to reveal.

For a moment, as Ada Ridout paused upon the gangway, she bent a quick and searching glance upon the passengers clustered near the companion-way leading to the upper saloons and decks. This glance sufficiently attested that she was in hopes of seeing some familiar countenance among them, and a look of disappointment flitted over her lovely features as she turned away in the direction of the ladies' cabin.

"Walter is not here; something has happened," she could have been heard to whisper to her maid, in quick and gasping tones. "He said he would certainly come down in the Brockville this very trip, and meet me as I came aboard here; but I do not see him!"

Again the expectant girl paused, looking around upon the faces presented to her view, but no sign of recognition appeared on her features or in her eyes. Her Walter was evidently not there.

"It's too bad," said the maid. "But these men never have any regard for the feelings of us women—"

"Hush, Hetty!" interrupted Ada, as tears dimmed her eyes. "Walter would have kept his promise if he could have done so. Something has happened. Some enemy—ha!"

And she started as her eye fell upon a person just then coming aboard.

"That brute again! Let us go." She trembled as she again turned towards the ladies' saloon. Owing to the crowd around her she did not reach it until the object of her dislike and dread, catching sight of her, had time to advance, and as roughly as boldly lay his hand upon her arm, saying:

"How do, Miss Ada? Glad to see you again." The lady turned towards the speaker with such a look of scorn and disgust that he momentarily quailed beneath it. But there was a something infernal for all that in the expression resting upon his hand-grooved visage, a something which Ada instantly felt and feared had some reference to her missing lover.

"You—have seen him?" she gasped. "Exactly, miss. He was here a little while ago, coming down the river to meet you, 'cording to 'greement. Only he suddenly went overboard—I shouldn't like to tell you, though, by whose aid—and that's the reason why he isn't here to meet you."

"Fiend! you have murdered him. I will have you arrested."

"Softly, miss; you won't do nothing of the kind. You know that I am only joking with you, that's all; besides, there must be proof before you can do much in the legal line, and what proof is there against me? Supposing I had put a hated rival out of the way—"

Ada could hear no more. With a low cry of anguish, and with a countenance pale as death, she reeled into the arms of her maid, and slowly made her way towards the ladies' cabin.

"Gone—gone!" she moaned. "My dear Walter has been killed by that brute. Oh, God! have mercy upon me! And these pilots, did you see them both, Hetty? This man and the one looking down the companion-way a moment ago—both deadly enemies—professed lovers of me, each regarding the other as his rival. Alas! alas! It is wicked, Hetty; but I wish they would now kill each other for my sake!"

The maid smiled through her sympathetic tears, and said a great many cheering things to her mistress. That Walter Norwood was young and strong, wary of people he did not like, and sure to take good care of himself; that God is merciful to those who truly love; that Walter would come out safe, whatever his peril; and everything her simple and faithful heart could suggest. To keep her mind away from her sorrow, she asked Miss Ada to relate how the two pilots had made her acquaintance while she was passing to and fro on the boat, and how they had presumed to ask her hand in marriage, and how she had rejected them, and how they had both become such wicked foes, and how each regarded the other as a favorite with her all this while, and was ready to embroil himself in a desperate fight for the satisfaction he required. Thus the mistress and maid conversed together about the past, and began to take counsel for the future, while a sinister occurrence was preparing elsewhere, as we shall now duly record.

The pilot whom we have seen thus coming aboard of the steamer, on ascending to the upper deck, found himself in the vicinity of his fellow-laborer and his supposed rival. He had been ashore taking a number of drams, and his flushed face, lowering brow and bloodshot eyes all now attested that he was ready for any deed of violence and blood. Both of the pilots were men of middle age, brawny-armed and broad-shouldered, rude and rough in disposition, with enough of lawless selfishness and unholy passion to seek possession of the colonel's beautiful child. Both professed to have such a cause for hatred against the father as to answer for any deportment they might show Miss Ada, and so each had resolved in his own base heart that the first fortunate hour should place her irrevocably in his power.

As Ada entered the cabin in the manner we have recorded, at the instant when the pilots turned away in the direction of the wheel-house, their eyes met—met in a cold and malignant glance of bitterness and rivalry.

"Now that the youngster is out of the way," said the one we have seen addressing Ada, "the girl shall be mine."

"No, curse you!" was the response, "she shall be mine."

These words were uttered so meaningfully and determinedly as to be an electric spark applied to all their long-slumbering hate. Like two fierce bloodhounds, for a moment they seemed about to rush upon each other, tearing and destroying, but the sharp voice of the captain broke the spell of violence, and they went sullenly to their post of duty.

The last box of freight was trundled aboard, the last passenger arrived, the fastenings were cast off, the mighty engines commenced their labors, and the Brockville started away on her flight down the river.

For three hours, and until the arrival of the steamer at the entrance of the Lachine Rapids, nothing of importance occurred. Then, as the Brockville began to feel the force of those dangerous rapids, it became evident that something was going wrong, she veering first one way and then the other, abruptly altering her course several points from the true one, and momentarily threatening to run against some one of the many hidden rocks clustered beside the narrow channel. It was plain that trouble had arisen in the wheelhouse, or that some evil had happened to the steering apparatus, and a general panic almost instantly spread throughout the steamer, so crazily was she steering

and so dangerously was she poking her nose right and left from the only safe channel.

Ere long, as the captain hurried towards the wheelhouse, and while the passengers clustered together in wild consternation, loud and savage cries were heard proceeding from the pilots, volleys of oaths, threats and denunciations, sounds of a deadly struggle, and soon both of the combatants, covered with blood, and locked in a furious embrace, reeled out of the wheelhouse, each still seeking the life of the other, cursing, threatening and flourishing his weapon, the two presenting a most terrible and repulsive picture.

But not an instant had the captain to gaze upon the fearful scene. With a crash which shook the huge steamer to her keel she had been hurled against a sunken rock, and was now going head on towards a bleak and jagged cliff just rearing itself above the spray and foam dashing around it. "Hard up—hard up!" cried the captain to the assistant pilot, a mere boy, on his third trip, as he sprang to aid him. "There! so, so! now meet her—steady! steady!" and the course of the steamer was sufficiently altered to clear the craggy point and send her back towards the channel.

"Now for you!" was then heard from one of the pilots, in thunder tones, which resounded above the fearful roar of the rapids. "There's your place, boy, in that seething abyss! Look there!" Like lightning the steamer had been plunging down the upper chutes, quivering and crashing on its mad way, and now close ahead of her was seen the Grand Rapids, rushing and spouting, leaping and tumbling, boiling like a vast cauldron, and roaring like a thousand whirlwinds.

"There's your next landing! ha! ha!" repeated the most powerful of the two ruffians, as both, mangled and bleeding, and still clasped in that deadly embrace, drew nearer and nearer to the steamer's larboard side. "We'll see who has the Lady Ada now!"

With one desperate effort, as the Brockville entered upon the dangerous passage, jarring and quivering, amidst the wild roar of the rapids, the speaker raised his antagonist bodily in his strong arms, and sought to hurl him into the foaming abyss; but the latter exerted all his strength, and the struggle was prolonged for a moment, during which the captain rushed towards them, frantically wringing his hands, and crying in agonized tones:

"The Grand Chute! the Grand Chute! I cannot pass it, and the boy knows nothing of the channel! Give over—give over, or the steamer and all of us will be lost! Back to your post—to your duty this minute, or it will be too late!"

One moment the combatants had paused, glaring at each other, but only to seize one another again in a more determined grasp ere the words of the commander were concluded. An instant of fearful exertion on the part of each of the pilots, a shower of oaths and curses, a hasty rush towards the steamer's side, a wild yell of triumph from the most powerful of the ruffians, and both went splashing down into the boiling waters, just forward of the wheel, disappearing from view.

"Lost—lost!" cried the commander, in the voice of a madman, as he reeled and sank helpless to the deck. "I know nothing of the channel!—we can never pass the Grand Chute!"

"Lost—lost!" repeated a score of terror-stricken voices, in tones arising high and wild above the roar of the rapids. "A minute more, and we shall be dashed in pieces! There—there! Look at those rocks! Heaven have mercy! Help! help!"

Even while these despairing cries were ringing out on the air, a form of more than regal beauty had emerged from the ladies' cabin and hastily yet gracefully taken its way to the upper deck. With a nightgown in one hand, while the other shook back her jetty curls, and her eyes swept the river and the shores, and took in at a glance the perilous situation of the steamer, Ada Ridout's appearance seemed as opportune to those agonized souls as that of any of the old warrior-prophets to the Jews.

"Bear a hand here, half a dozen of you!" she cried, in tones which inspired every heart with courage and new life, as she bounded to the wheel, and the order was instantly obeyed. "So, so," and she put her own fair hands to the wheel—"keep her so! Steady!"

Like a very angel did the maiden seem as she drew a rough pilot coat around her fair shoulders, and calmly gave her orders, amidst the clank of the laboring engines, the roar of the rapids, the shrill notes of the escaping steam, and the voices of hope and thanksgiving around her, from many a throat going up a hearty—

"Thank God! thank God!"

But the peril was not yet passed. Besides all the dangers the Brockville had encountered, there still remained the greatest of all—the passage of the Grand Chute of the Lachine Rapids. Here the bottom and sides of the channel are very jagged, and it is so narrow that a little deviation either to the right or the left must prove fatal. To the usual shadows of the night was now being added those of a coming snowstorm, and the thick mantle of darkness had already thrown its folds so deeply over the scene that the shores and the rushing waters looked indistinct and ghostly in its gloom.

"Port!—steady!—keep her so!" were the orders occasionally issuing from the lips of the maiden pilot, and the beautiful steamer, under her watchful guidance, continued to speed safely on. Peril after peril was passed, in rapid succession; black and jagged cliffs left behind, leaping and thundering rapidly—swiftly traversed, and now the roar of the east Chute began to fall chillingly upon the anxious ears of the passengers and the crew.

"One peril more!" cried a rough voyager, whose form would have been seen to tremble but for the darkness of the hour. "It is that which will bring

us up, boys! No mere girl like that can pilot us through the Grand Chute! Better to eat the engine and drift more slowly. Heavens!"

This last exclamation was caused by the ringing of the bell for the engineer to put on more steam; and it was instantly done. More furiously clanked the engines, and swifter sped the steamer down the narrow channel, till it seemed as if the shores were flying past with the lightning and unreality of mere mists.

"Heavens!" repeated the voyager, clinging to the bulwarks and pressing over the side. "Twenty miles an hour, if a single inch! And yet how calmly and steadily that little angel holds her to it! See how erect she stands! See how boldly and confidentially she sweeps the channel with her glass! Heavens!"

Again the voyager suddenly broke off his remarks with that excited exclamation, while the glass fell crashing to the deck from the maiden's hands, and many a voice again gave utterance to the cry of "Lost! lost!" For it was now seen, just as the Brockville entered upon the Grand Chute, that a steamer was below the rapids, the glow of her furnace-fires coming through the gloom to every eye, and the roar of her escaping steam beginning to come to every ear.

"Heavens! a steamer unloading some sailing vessels, and all nestled in the channel are close beside it!" added the voyager. "Now for a crash! Heavens! another ring for more steam! What a little dare-devil that angel is!"

The eyes of Ada Ridout comprehended all at a glance. She saw that the commander of the steamer below the rapids had not expected any one to descend on such a dark night and accordingly had not hesitated to take in tow a couple of schooners heavily laden, which had become a little injured for the want of a pilot. The three vessels were now huddled, not exactly in the channel, but close beside it, so near that the slightest swerve of the Brockville would destroy them and herself.

Miss Ridout saw all this at a glance, and again rang the bell for more speed. Like lightning that mighty thing of fire and of noise glowed and thundered down the narrow channel, amid the wild exclamations of her passengers and crew, and the still wilder cries proceeding from the helpless vessels below the steamer and the schooners, all surging out each moment more and more towards the channel.

On one side were the tall and jagged cliffs, rearing themselves high above the sunken rocks which formed one shore of the river, while on the other lay those helpless vessels—between the two appearing a narrow and boiling tide of waters, leaping and roaring, as the only avenue of the Brockville's safety. And so terrible did all these perils appear, in that wild rush and darkness, and roar of steam and waters, that again, and louder than ever, rose the cry of terror from those scores of agonized souls.

On swept the steamer like some huge bird—strongly and steadily in its terrible speed, for there was not only a pilot's knowledge but a woman's noble heroism presiding at the wheel. Down the foaming Chute, with a flashing and a roaring almost unearthly in its wildness, sped the Brockville, and soon she was within her length of the clustered vessels below, now in an awful silence waiting their doom.

"Hard-a-port!" came up, in a smothered cry, from one of them, as a racking glance showed that a collision of the steamers was inevitable, at the end of that dangerous passage, so much had the freighter surged out into the channel. "You are running us down!"

Not a word escaped the maiden pilot as she measured the distance from the rocks to the freighter, and took an exact middle course between them. A moment of anxious suspense, of horrible silence, succeeded; and then, seeming a monster of life amid so much strife and motion, the Brockville, with a single wild crash, sped past the freighter, carrying away its larboard wheel-house, wheel and all, but without much injury to either hull.

A wild cry of wonder, admiration and joy arose from more than two hundred throats, as the maiden stopped the Brockville, the huge fabric trembling a moment in the surges, then passing into the clear water below the rapids, and becoming perfectly safe.

"Three times three for the Maid of the Rapids," cried the voyager, dancing about the upper deck in a perfect frenzy of excitement. "Grâce à Dieu! who ever saw her equal!"

And then, as all eyes were turned towards the stranger steamer, a boat was seen pushing off, and two men came aboard the Brockville—the first, a noble-looking young man, just in time to clasp in his arms Miss Ada Ridout, as, tottering and pale with excitement and anxiety, she stood a moment in the door of the wheel-house, the cry of "water!" escaping her lips; and the latter, an equally noble-looking old gentleman—in good time to be known and hailed by everybody as Colonel Ridout, the brave girl's father—both of whom had been delayed in meeting the fair Ada as she had expected, but who now came quite opportunely to hand.

A week later, in one of those fine old mansions on — street, Montreal, there was a happy union of fates and fortunes which endureth to this day. The portrait of the "Maid of the Rapids" hangs in the *Académie des Arts*, in that city, but is not more likely to perpetuate her heroism than the grateful remembrance of those scores of souls whom she rescued from destruction on that awful night when she became a fatal "bone of contention" to the Rival Pilots!

A young lady, who was employed in braiding a guardchain for a gentleman's watch, was asked what it was for.

"A bell-rope, sir," replied she. "I acknowledge it is a bell-rope," rejoined he, "and a pretty one, too; but I suspect we shall find a beau attached to it when it is finished."





SIEGE OF VICKSBURG—ATTACK ON THE REDAN





22—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. B. SCHILL.



## THE EVENING STAR.

BY HARRY WARING.

FAR o'er the hilltops westward,  
Low in the midnight sky,  
Shineth the brightest planet,  
That ever met mortal eye.  
Not with the pale, dim lustre,  
That twinkles in distant stars;  
Not with the dark, red splendor  
That flashes from angry Mars;  
The clear, unchanging brilliance  
That glows in this planet bright,  
Is pure as the long-sought glory  
Of Heaven's unfading light.

Once, when the evening shadows  
Had mantled the city grim,  
When the moon from the scudding cloud  
rack  
Shone on us faint and dim,  
I stood by a lovely maiden,  
Who gazed on the heavens afar.  
Her eyes more bright than its lustre,  
When fixed on the Evening Star;  
And since that moment, whenever  
I gaze on that planet bright,  
It seems, with a double splendor,  
To dazzle my raptured sight.  
For the clear, unfading soul-light,  
That beamed in her dark-brown eye,  
Shines down through the midnight darkness  
From the star in yonder sky.

But now, when far in the westward  
Has set the declining sun,  
When the stars from the deepening twilight  
Come twinkling one by one;  
When the roar of the busy city  
Grows faint as a muffled chime,  
And the tread of some wandering outcast  
Beats the long, long seconds of time;  
'Tis then the ideal heavens  
Of the unknown future I see,  
But clouds have veiled their star gems,  
In a midnight drapery.  
With a heart all lonely and doubting,  
I gaze on that future afar,  
Oh, would that I had to guide me,  
The light of my Evening Star.

Philadelphia.

## A Passage in my Life!

THERE are certain atmospheric influences which raise or depress the spirits far beyond the power of control; there are certain scenes which equally impart buoyancy or dejection to the mind; and thus it was that I never felt in more exuberant good-humor than I did as I lounged through the beautiful little enclosure, pompously styled "The Park," in Brussels, on one of those bright October days when a slight foretaste of frost struggles to oppose the steady beams of a brilliant but scarcely heating sun.

As a companion, I had one of the best and bravest men that ever did honor to human nature—ever ready to share his purse with his needy friend, or his excellent cellar with his boon companion. Driffeld, though generally popular, was still a somewhat troublesome intimate. He was for ever getting in and out of scrapes through the unfortunate warmth of a temper which showed the calorific of his heart. A friend sneered at—a woman offended—Driffeld would at once take up the quarrel. Convinced, however, that he had been hasty, he would most amply apologise, and probably seek, with increased eagerness, the friendship of the individual he had wronged. Such was the characteristics of my friend who now, leaning on my arm, freely passed his remarks on the gay and fair beings who perambulated the stiff broad walks in search of health and pleasure, or, tired by the previous night's ball, sat chatting on the numerous benches, or listened to the band of the "Guides" playing some of the last new overtures in magnificent style.

We had been in the Park nearly half-an-hour, when I saw the Comte de Montfort hastily approach, and, touching Driffeld's arm, politely request to speak to him in private. From the grave and studied formality of the usually gay Frenchman, I at once saw something was wrong, and was therefore less surprised, when, after hearing some half-a-dozen words uttered in an angry tone, Driffeld rejoined me, and, in an agitated manner, requested me instantly to return to my lodgings.

"What does all this mean?"  
"It is simple enough. Montfort called me aside, and insisted on my retracting certain words that he had been told I uttered derogatory to his honor—words that I am convinced I never made use of."

"And you told him so?"  
"Not I; he would have thought I retracted, whereas I could not withdraw expressions I never uttered."

"With this assurance he was surely satisfied?"  
"Well, that is another matter. I must freely confess to you I did not exactly say so to him. He is a notorious duellist, and he might have thought I feared him, so I neither admitted or denied the words. He got violent—used an expression I did not like."

"What was it?"  
"Why, you well know I am no great Frenchman, so I scarcely understood it; but it was used in an angry overbearing tone, so I at once called him out."

"How very imprudent! But what has this to do with my returning home?"

"Well, you have twice before assisted me in similar affairs, so I took it for granted you would not refuse me on this occasion. I named you as my friend, and Montfort hurried off, saying that Col. Very would call on you in half-an-hour. So run away, my dear friend, we must not seem to avoid the fellows;" and before I had time to remonstrate Driffeld had started off, and I found myself crossing the Place Royale en route for my lodgings, where I might expect to receive a visit from the second of my friend's antagonist.

The half-hour had scarcely elapsed when Col. Very was announced. I desired him to be shown in; the gallant officer entered. He was the very person to bear a cartel; tall, upright, and polite in the extreme; studied in his expressions, gentle yet firm in his manner, cold as an iceberg—and scarcely less dangerous. I at once saw I had a thorough adept in the art of duelling to cope with. On this occasion, however, there was little room for discussion; my friend had palpably insulted the nobleman he represented, and unless the former was ready to retract his words no power could avert the combat. Now this was any thing but pleasant, for I felt fully assured that my principal was in the wrong, and I would gladly have explained the circumstances, but I well knew that Driffeld, far from confirming my views, would, if possible, make matters worse. It is true that, as his second, I had a right to act for him, but I was no less aware that, if I attempted a pacific arrangement, I should only cause a fresh insult to be given, and, as the affair appeared "a really very pretty quarrel" as it stood, I thought it better to leave it as it was—when matters might possibly be made up, even on the ground—to drawing on further complications, which might render the breach still wider. I therefore assumed a tone as quiet, as determined, as that of my friend the colonel.

"Requested to do so by the Comte de Montfort, I have done myself the honor of calling on you to arrange this affair. I regret, however, to say I cannot be on the ground; Gen. Sierminski and Baron Flerton will be there. Of course they will come to you, if you desire to see them."

"It is not at all necessary."  
"Then, we may, if you please, consider this business as arranged. The Fort de Sologne, at eight o'clock. The carriages to set down near the principal avenue at Boisfort?"

"We will be punctual!"  
"As the challenged party, we have the choice of weapons—we name swords; shall we bring them, or will you?"

Now this was the very point I had all along feared. That the party called out had an undoubted privilege to select the arms, none could doubt; yet, as De Montfort had been all his life in the French army, and was supposed to be a thorough swordsman, I felt it my duty to object.

"Col. Very, you well know that my friend is an Englishman and unskilled in fencing, while the count is celebrated for his proficiency."

"You will pardon me, I hope; but as such is the case, Monsieur Driffeld should not have challenged Monsieur de Montfort."

"Yes, yes; but—"

"Do not take offence; but we can admit no 'buts'; we choose the sword."

"Is there no alternative?"

"None; unless, indeed, retraction."

"Impossible!"

"Then I have the honor to repeat, we choose the sword."

I was again about to remonstrate. Nay, I almost made up my mind to get into a towering passion at the sudden determination of Col. Very, when my servant entered and placed a crumpled little note in my hand marked "immediate." Apologising for doing so, I opened it and read:

"MY DEAR FRIEND—Major Horseley consents to act with you as second. I must beg of you privately to accept Montfort's offer should he propose to fight with swords. I flatter myself I am perfect master of the weapon; and so confident do I feel in my powers, that if this luckily occurs, I think, by disarming my adversary, I may end this affair without any loss of blood. Thine in haste, DRIFFELD."

I do not ever recollect feeling such a sudden relief. Col. Very must, indeed, have remarked it, as I turned round, and with a smile, and in a somewhat exulting tone, addressed him:

"Be it as you wish, Colonel; though I still think we should have used pistols; yet, as you so earnestly desire it, we consent to swords; but, being somewhat strange to us, I beg of you to bring the weapons."

I really do believe that Col. Very almost started at my sudden change of manner, but concealing his surprise, he bowed himself out of my little entresol apartment with the grace of an accomplished courtier.

I instantly started off for Driffeld's. Here I met Horseley. We dined together, and after the ladies had left the table, talked matters over; not, however, so eagerly as we might have done had this been our first affair together. But we had mutually served each other on former occasions. So, except in the arms to be used, there was little or nothing new in the business. We drank but little—were more lively in the drawing-room than usual—and retired early. I confess I sighed as I bid "good-night" to Mrs. Driffeld and her six children. She might be a widow and they might be orphans before another sun disappeared. God help them. I confess I felt strangely uncomfortable!

Who can describe the very unpleasant sensation of being awakened some hours before the world is well aired for the purpose of sharing in a duel! Yet there are certain forms which must be gone through—an unshaved, carelessly dressed second would denote hurry and agitation. I was, therefore, *de rigueur*, compelled to pay unusual attention to my toilet. Horseley came to the door in a large rymbling hired carriage, and we proceeded to the Porte de Namur, where we found Driffeld and Dr. Forceps awaiting for us, according to agreement.

Rider, did you ever travel some ten miles over a hard road, on a cold misty morning in October, not quite certain whether the vehicle might not have to do the duties of a horse on its return? Beside me sat my principal. Horseley, evidently in very low spirits, occupied the corner, and the surgeon sat opposite to me. He had a good sized bundle of instruments placed beneath his seat, and took the whole affair as a matter of course.

Driffeld was in high spirits, but these must have been forced. I cannot willingly believe that any man balancing on the brink of eternity could thus seem really lively when he reflected on those he had left (perhaps for ever) beneath his domestic roof. If, however, his cheerfulness was simulated, he was a clever actor. Dr. Forceps kept forcing upon us some anecdotes illustrative of his skill in the Peninsula; we neither attended to them nor believed in them. Horseley tried to elicit, in case of accident, the best wishes of our friend; who, however, avoided the subject, and kept up a rolling fire of conversation relative to all and everything save and except the business we were engaged in.

We had now plunged into one of the wide avenues of the forest above five minutes when our carriage came to a dead halt. The coachman opened the door, touched his hat, muttered something, and lowered the steps. We understood his meaning and sprang out.

At fifty paces distant stood another carriage, from which three gentlemen had also descended. Major

Horseley and myself advanced and politely saluted General Sierminski and the Baron Flerton; agreed upon a spot, and then returned to our principals, who accompanied us to a quiet glade within a hundred yards, admirably adapted from its fine turf and close privacy to the purpose we required.

As we knew little about it, and were far too proud to seek information on the subject, the major and I contented ourselves by following the motions of our antagonists.

The Count de Montfort, from frequent practice, was perfectly *au fait* in the arrangements. In a moment he had stripped off his coat, waistcoat and neckcloth, the latter of which he, however, fortunately, by accident, re-assumed, and deliberately turned up his shirt sleeves above his elbow. He then tried the turf to see that it was not slippery, and throwing off his cap, stood ready for action. I confess I never saw a finer athlete.

In the meantime, Driffeld had imitated his actions, and now he stood with bull throat and brawny arms awaiting with eagerness the coming struggle.

The general and his co-second now approached us, and handed to us half-a-dozen swords, from which—having won the toss—we had a right to select a weapon. Now, of all the diabolical, mischievous-looking implements I ever saw, these swords seemed to be the very worst; short, slim and balanced so entirely by weight in the hand, so as to render the blade very light, they appeared like anything but the fitting arm for a soldier's use. Driffeld at once took the nearest to him. De Montfort tried several before he made his selection. The general kindly explained that his reason for bringing such an extensive armory, was the fear of a blade breaking or a possible difference between the seconds arising, when each would require a weapon to settle the dispute. Highly consolatory to me, who, though a good broadswordsmen, never touched a foil in my life. However, I was in for it, and must at all hazards go through with it.

Our principals were placed on the ground, and the signal given to set to.

Never can I forget that moment. It was, it is, it ever will be, the most painful reminiscence of my life. De Montfort threw himself *en garde*, with the grace of a finished fencer. Driffeld grasped his weapon tightly, and without even coming into the first position held it upright; pressed against his antagonist's blade. The case was clear, Driffeld had deceived me. He had evidently never handled a short sword before. He stood a ready victim for the count to pierce whenever or wherever he thought proper. His face, however, was determined, and when the noble, to my great surprise, uttered a coarse imprecation, he burst out into a loud laugh, which so exasperated the experienced swordsman that he made a violent pass, which Driffeld diverted by actually striking against the weapon, and then, with a most provoking grin, stood firm to his ground. The Frenchman became frantic. "I will wash my hands in your blood." "Do if you can," coolly replied the Briton, and again grinned at him. The count lunged. Another blow of Driffeld's sword turned the direction, and the blade passed through his cheek. We now vainly endeavored to stop the combat. Blood had been drawn; yet, on consultation, the wound was so trifling, we feared if we insisted, it might become a matter of ridicule. So again they set to.

This time the Frenchman was more wild than ever, and his passion overcame his skill. Driffeld, by one of his strange blows, bent the foil of his adversary—while in his blind anger, the count received the point of the Englishman's sword in his neckcloth. There must have been a stiffener in it, for it did not penetrate.

We dashed in, and forced up the swords of the infuriated combatants, and gave a fresh weapon to Driffeld, whose perfect calm seemed to render his skilled antagonist almost mad. While we were selecting another sword, the count kept fencing at a tree, using the strongest terms of reproach and anger. It was in vain I tried to put a stop to the horrid scene which had already endured above a quarter of an hour. They again fell to.

I am told I was as white as a sheet; I really believe it. Before me stood one of my dearest friends; the husband of a lady I much respected; the father of a large family, wholly unable (in my opinion) to defend himself from the murderous attacks of a skilled soldier. I felt his doom to be certain; my blood almost froze in my veins, and I would gladly have risked even a personal contest with one of my opposite seconds rather than thus have stood coolly by and seen my friend murdered.

It is well to smile, but only those who have experienced them can tell my feelings at that moment.

Clash—clash—clash!—a spring—a recoil—an advance—a shout of frenzy—a cry of agony from Driffeld—and we rushed in, and, at the risk of being run through, separated the combatants.

My friend had received a wound in his side, and the affair was over. Mentally, yet truly, did I thank God for the result. The doctor declared the puncture to be severe but not dangerous, and with a lightened heart I began to assist Driffeld in his toilet.

In the meantime Sierminski and Flerton had with difficulty disarmed their man, who no sooner found himself free than he rushed up to Driffeld and began kissing and hugging him. The case was clear: the accomplished, the much-admired count had gone raving mad! and all parties now assisted in quieting him. This with difficulty we effected. But he insisted on returning in the same carriage with his dear friend Driffeld. The doctor accompanied them.

The laws against duelling are most severe in Belgium. With great difficulty, and only through the intervention of our ambassador, Driffeld escaped a long imprisonment. He refused to quarrel with me, though I bitterly reproached him with the trick he had put upon me. The wound, however, became daily more troublesome. Driffeld was ordered to try the German baths. He did so, and now lies in a grave not far distant from the banks of the Rhine.

Count de Montfort was placed under restraint, but becoming worse, was confined in a *Maison de Santé*. Here he expired within twelve months, leaving a widow and a lovely daughter to mourn his loss.

Such were the consequences of this duel with swords.

"WELL, Ann, have you consented to be the wife of Mr. White?"

"No, Sally, I didn't quite consent."

"Why not? I think he loves you."

"Yes, but he didn't pile up the agony high enough. When I gave my hand to a woeer I want him to call upon the gods to witness his deep devotion to me. I want him to kneel at my feet, take one of my hands between both of his, and with a look that would melt an adamant rock to pity, beg me to take pity on his sufferings; and then I want him to end by swearing to blow out his brains on the spot if I do not compassionate his sufferings."

## THE SONG OF THE DISCONSOLATE ONE.

[To several old tunes, because composed in a heated ballroom, where he could not get any fresh air.]

"SHE wore a wreath of roses  
The first time that we met"—  
(Her handsome Roman nose is  
Most beautifully set).

When I was introduced to her,  
She sweetly smiled and bowed—  
Oh! my heart, my heart is breaking  
For the lovely Miss O'Dowd.

"She's all my fancy painted her,  
She's lovely, she's divine!"—  
(The lobster-salad wasn't bad,  
But I couldn't stand the wine).  
What with the pace she went at,  
And what with the heat and crowd,  
Oh! my head, my head was reeling  
As I danced with Miss O'Dowd.

"Let other lips and other hearts  
Their tale of sorrow tell"—  
(That stuff for cleaning gloves imparts  
A most unpleasant smell)—  
I'd gladly dance a thousand times  
With her, were I allowed.  
Oh! my heart, my heart is aching—  
Oh! that eldest Miss O'Dowd.

"Her mother bade her bind her hair  
With bands of roseate hue"—  
(I wonder she hadn't better taste  
Than to mix 'em up with blue).  
When on the light fantastic toe  
We danced to the music load,  
Oh! my heart was palpitating  
Next to that of Miss O'Dowd.

"Maxwellton braes are bonny,  
And Christmas bills fa' due"—  
(I wonder has she money?  
Is her governor a screw?)  
Of her beauty and accomplishments  
She's not the least bit proud—  
Oh! my heart is shivering to little bits  
By Mary Jane O'Dowd!

## ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "LADY LIBLE," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," ETC.

## CHAPTER XIX.—LIKE THE MEMORY OF A DREAM.

MRS. DARRELL drove away from Tolldale Priory late in the afternoon, and in a very despondent state of mind. She had done no good by her visit to Woodlands, and it seemed painfully probable that she had done a great deal of harm; for the unfortunate accident of a resemblance between Laura Mason's companion and the late George Vane had stirred up the memories of the past in that turbid stream, the old man's mind. The widow scarcely opened her lips during the homeward drive. She would fain have punished Eleanor for that unhappy chance by which she happened to resemble the dead man, and she had not failed to remark unpleasantly upon Miss Vane's conduct at Woodlands.

"One would really think you wished to trade upon your likeness to Mr. Vane, and to insinuate yourself into my uncle's good graces, Miss Vincent," the widow said, rather sharply.

Eleanor blushed crimson, but did not attempt to reply to her employer's bitter speech. The falsehood of an assumed name was perpetually placing her in positions against which her truthful nature revolted.

If Mrs. Darrell had been free to dismiss Eleanor Vane, she would doubtless have done so, for the girl's presence had now become a source of alarm to her. There were two reasons for this sentiment of alarm. First, the likeness which Maurice de Crespiigny had discovered between Eleanor and his dead friend, and which might prompt him at any moment to some capricious fancy for the girl; and, secondly, the fact that Eleanor's beauty and fascinations might not be without their effect upon Launcelot Darrell.

The widow knew by cruel experience that her son was not a man to surrender his lightest caprice at the entreaty of another. At seven-and-twenty years of age he was as much a spoiled child as he had been at seven. Ellen Darrell looked back at the bitter trials of the past, and remembered how hard it had been to keep her son true even to his own interests. Selfish and self-willed, he had taken his own way, always relying upon his handsome face, his shallow versatility, his showy accomplishments to carry him through every difficulty and get him out of every dilemma; always eager for the enjoyment of the present hour, and reckless as to any penalties to be paid in the future.

Mrs. Darrell had concentrated every feeling of her heart into one passion—her love for this young man. Frigid and reserved to others, with him she was impulsive, vehement, spontaneous, ready to pour out her heart's blood at his feet, if he had needed such an evidence of her devotion. For him she was jealous and exacting, harsh to others, desperate and unforgiving to those whom she thought his enemies.

For Launcelot she was anxious and ambitious. The hope that her uncle Maurice would leave his fortune to the young man, or, on the other hand, would die without a will, thus leaving Launcelot to succeed as heir at law, never entirely deserted her. But, even if that hope should fail, her sisters were elderly women like herself. If they succeeded



in exalting Maurice de Crespigny out of his fortune, they must surely eventually leave it to their only nephew, Launcelot. This was how the widow reasoned. But there was another chance which she fancied she saw for her son's advancement. Laura Mason, the heiress, evidently admired the young man's handsome face and dashing manners. What more likely than that Launcelot might succeed in winning the hand and fortune of that capricious young lady?

Under these circumstances, Mrs. Darrell would have preferred to have removed Eleanor Vane out of her son's way, but this was not easily to be done. When the widow sounded Laura Mason upon the subject, and dimly suggested the necessity of parting with Eleanor, the heiress burst into a flood of tears, and declared, passionately, that she would not live without her darling Nelly; and when Mrs. Darrell went even further than this, and touched upon the subject in a conversation with Mr. Monckton, the lawyer replied, very decidedly, that he considered Miss Vincent's companionship of great benefit to his ward, and that he could not hear of any arrangement by which the two girls would be separated.

Mrs. Darrell, therefore, could do nothing but submit, in the hope that for once her son might consent to be governed by his interests, rather than by those erratic impulses which had led him in the reckless and riotous days of his early youth.

She pleaded with him, entreating him to be prudent and thoughtful for the future.

"You have suffered so much from poverty, Launcelot," she urged, "that surely you will lose no opportunity of improving your position. Look back, my boy; remember that bitter time in which you were lost to me, led away by low and vicious companions, and only appealing to me when you found yourself in debt and difficulty. Think of your Indian life and the years you have wasted, you who are so clever and accomplished, and who ought to have been so fortunate. Oh, Launcelot, if you knew what a bitter thing it is to a mother to see her idolised child waste every opportunity of winning the advancement which should be his by right—yes, by right, Launcelot—by the right of your talents. I never reproached you, my boy, for coming home to me penniless. Were you to return to me twenty times as you came back that night, you would always find the same welcome—the same affection. My love for you will never change, my darling, till I go to my grave. But I suffer very bitterly when I think of your wasted youth. You must be rich, Launcelot; you cannot afford to be poor. There are some men to whom poverty seems a spur that drives them on to greatness, but it has clogged your footsteps, and held you back from the fame you might have won."

"Egad, so it has, mother," the young man answered bitterly. "A shabby coat paralyses a man's arm, to my mind, and it's not very easy for a fellow to hold his head very high when the nap is all worn off his hat. But I don't mean to sit down to a life of idleness, I can tell you, mother; I shall turn painter. You know I've got on with my painting pretty well during the last few years."

"I'm glad of that, my dear boy. You had plenty of time to devote to your painting, then?"

"Plenty of time; oh, yes, I was pretty well off for that matter."

"Then you were not so hard worked in India?"

"Not always. That depended upon circumstances," the young man answered, indifferently. "Yes, mother, I shall turn painter, and try and make a fortune out of my brush."

Mrs. Darrell sighed. She wished to see her son made rich by a quicker road than the slow and toilsome pathway by which an artist reaches fortune.

"If you could make a wealthy marriage, Launcelot," she said, "you might afford to devote yourself to art, without having to endure the torturing anxieties which must be suffered by a man who has only his profession to depend upon. I wouldn't for the world wish you to sell yourself for money, for I know the wretchedness of a really mercenary marriage; but if—"

The young man flung back the dark hair from his forehead, and smiled at his mother as he interrupted her.

"If I should fall in love with this Miss Laura Mason, who, according to your account, is to have a power of money one of these days, I should prove myself a wise man. That's what you mean, isn't it, *madre mia*? Well, I'll do my best. The young lady is pretty, but her childishness is positively *impayable*. What's the amount of the fortune that is to counterbalance so much empty-headed frivolity? Eh, mother?"

"I can't quite answer that question, Launcelot. I only know that Mr. Monckton told me Laura will be very rich."

"And Gilbert Monckton, although a lawyer, is one of those uncompromising personages who never tell a lie. Well, mother, we'll see about it; I can't say anything more than that."

The young man had been standing before his easel with his palette and brushes in his hand during this conversation, now and then putting a touch here and there into a picture that he had been working at since his return. He had taken up his abode in his old apartments. His mother spent a good deal of her time with him; sitting at needlework by the open window, while he painted; listening while, in his idler moments, he sat at the piano, composing a few bars of a waltz, or trying to recall some song that he had written long ago; always following him with watchful and admiring eyes, shadowed only by the mother's anxiety for her son's future.

Launcelot Darrell did not seem to be altogether a bad young man. He accepted his mother's love with something of that indolent selfishness common to those spoiled children of fortune upon whom an extra share of maternal devotion has been lavished. He absorbed the widow's affection, and gave her in return an easy-going, graceful attention, which

satisfied the unselfish woman, and demanded neither trouble nor sacrifice from the young man himself.

"Now, if the wealthy heiress were the poor companion, mother," Mr. Darrell said, presently, working away with his brush as he spoke, "your scheme would be charming. Eleanor Vincent is a glorious girl; a little bit of a spitfire, I should think, quiet and gentle as she is with us; but a splendid girl; just the sort of a wife for an indolent man; a wife who would rouse him out of his lethargy and drive him on to distinction."

Yes, Launcelot Darrell, who had never in his life resisted any temptation, or accepted any guidance except that of his own wishes, was led by them now, and instead of devoting himself to the young heiress, chose to fall desperately in love with her fair-haired companion. He fell in love with Eleanor Vane; desperately, after his own fashion. I doubt if there was any great intensity in the young man's desperation, for I do not believe that he was capable of any real depth of feeling. There was a kind of hollow, tinselly fervor in his nature which took the place of true passion. It may be that with him all emotions—love and remorse, penitence, pity, regret, hate, anger and revenge—were true and real so long as they lasted; but all these sentiments were so short-lived, by reason of the fickleness of his mind, that it was almost difficult to believe even in their temporary truth.

But Eleanor Vane, being very young and inexperienced, had no power of analysing the character of her lover. She only knew that he was handsome, accomplished and clever; that he loved her, and that it was very agreeable to be loved by him.

I do not believe that she returned the young man's affection. She was like a child upon the threshold of a new world; bewildered and dazzled by the glorious aspect of the unknown region before her; beguiled and delighted by its beauty and novelty. All the darker aspects of the great passion were unknown to her, and undreamed of by her. She only knew that in the blank horizon that had so long bounded her life, a new star had arisen—a bright and wonderful planet, which for a while displaced the lurid light that had so long shone steadfastly across the darkness.

Eleanor Vane yielded herself up to the brief holiday-time which generally comes once in almost every woman's life, however desolate and joyless the rest of that life may be. The holiday comes—a fleeting summer of gladness and rejoicing. The earth lights up under a new sun and moon; the flowers bloom into new colors and scatter new perfumes on the sublimated atmosphere; the waters of the commonest rivers change to melted sapphires, and blaze with the splendor of a million jewels in the sunshine. The dull universe changes to fairy-land; but alas! the holiday-time is very short; the children grow tired of paradise, or are summoned back to school; the sun and moon collapse into commonplace luminaries, the flowers fade into everyday blossoms, the river flows a gray stream under a November sky, and the dream is over.

Launcelot Darrell had been little more than a fortnight at Hazlewood, when he declared his love for Miss Mason's companion. The young people had been a great deal together in that fortnight; wandering in the grassy lands about Hazlewood, and in the shadowy woods round Toldale Priory, or on breezy hills high above the lawyer's sheltered mansion. In hope of an alliance between Launcelot and Gilbert Monckton's ward, Mrs. Darrell was obliged to submit to the necessity which threw her son very much into the society of the companion as well as of the heiress.

"He will surely never be so foolish as to thwart my plan for his future," thought the anxious mother. "Surely, surely, he will consent to be guided by his own interests. Gilbert Monckton must know that it is only likely an attachment may arise between Launcelot and Laura. He would not leave the girl with me unless he were resigned to such an event, and ready to give his consent to their marriage. My son is poor, certainly; but the lawyer knows that he is likely to inherit a great fortune."

While the mother pondered thus over her son's chances of advancement, the young man took life very easily; spending his mornings at his easel, but by no means over-exerting himself, and dawdling away his afternoons in rustic rambles with the two girls.

Laura Mason was very happy in the society of this new and brilliant companion. She was bewitched and fascinated by Mr. Darrell's careless talk, which sounded very witty, very profound, sarcastic and eloquent in the ears of an ignorant girl. She admired him and fell in love with him, and wearied poor Eleanor with her very unreserved rhapsodies about the object of her affection.

"I know it's very bold and wicked and horrid to fall in love with anybody before they fall in love with one, you know, Eleanor," the young lady said in not very elegant English; "but he is so handsome and so clever. I don't think any one in the world could help loving him."

"I have no hope in loving thee,  
I only ask to love;  
I ber-ood upon my silent heart,  
As on its nest a dove!"

added Miss Mason, quoting that favorite poet of all desponding lovers, poor L. E. L.

I think Mr. Monckton's ward rather enjoyed the hopelessness of her attachment. The brooding upon her silent heart was scarcely an accurate exposition of her conduct, as she talked reams of sentiment to Eleanor upon the subject of her unrequited affection. Miss Vane was patient and tender with her, listening to her foolish talk, and dreading the coming of that hour in which the childish young beauty must be rudely awakened from her rose-colored dream.

"I don't want to marry him, you know, Eleanor," the young lady said; "I only want to be allowed to love him. You remember the German story in which the Knight watches the window of his lo-

ve's convent cell. I could live for ever and ever near him; and be content to see him sometimes; or to hear his voice, even if I did not see him. I should like to wear his clothes, and be his page, like Viola, and tell him my own story, you know, some day."

Eleanor remembered her promise to Gilbert Monckton, and tried sometimes to check the torrent of sentimental talk.

"I know your love is very poetical, and I dare say it's very true, my pet," she said; "but do you think Mr. Darrell is quite worth all this waste of affection? I sometimes think, Laura dear, that we commit a sin when we waste our best feelings. Suppose by-and-bye you should meet one quite as worthy of your love as Launcelot Darrell; some one who would love you very devotedly; don't you think you would look back and regret having lavished your best and freshest feelings upon a person who—"

"Who doesn't care a straw for me," cried the heiress, half crying. "That's what you mean, Eleanor Vincent. You mean to insinuate that Launcelot doesn't care for me. You are a cruel, heartless girl, and you don't love me a bit."

And the young lady bemoaned her disappointment, and wept over the hardships of her lot, very much as she might have cried for any new plaything a few years before.

It was upon a burning August morning that Launcelot Darrell declared himself to Eleanor Vane. The two girls had been sitting to him for a picture—Eleanor as Rosalind, and Laura as Celia—a pretty feminine group. Rosalind in her womanly robes, and not her forester's dress of gray and green; for the painter had chosen the scene in which Celia promises to share her cousin's exile.

This picture was to be exhibited at the Academy, and was to make Mr. Darrell's fortune. Laura had been called from the room to attend to some important business with a dressmaker from Windsor, and Eleanor and Launcelot were alone.

The young man went on painting for some time, and then, throwing down his brush with a gesture of impatience, went over to the window near which Eleanor sat on a raised platform covered with a shabby drapery of red baize.

"Do you think the picture will be a success, Miss Vincent?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, I think so, and hope so; but I am no judge, you know."

"Your judgment must be as good as the public judgment, I should think," Launcelot Darrell answered, rather impatiently. "The critics will try to write me down, I dare say, but I don't look to the critics to buy my picture. They'll call me crude and meretricious, and hard and cold, and thin and gray, I've no doubt; but the best picture, to my mind, is the picture that sells best, eh, Miss Vincent?"

Eleanor lifted her arched eyebrows with a look of surprise; this very low view of the question rather jarred upon her sense of the dignity of art.

"I suppose you think my sentiments very mercenary and contemptible, Miss Vincent," said the painter, interpreting the expression of her face; "but I have lived out the romance of my life, or one part of that romance, at any rate, and have no very ardent aspiration after greatness in the abstract. I want to earn money. The need of money drives men into almost every folly; further, sometimes; into follies that touch upon the verge of crime."

The young man's face darkened suddenly as he spoke, and he was silent for a few moments, not looking at his companion, but away out of the open window into vacancy, as it seemed.

The memory of Gilbert Monckton's words flashed back upon Eleanor's mind. "There is a secret in Launcelot Darrell's life," the lawyer had said; "a secret connected with his Indian experience." Was he thinking of that secret now, Eleanor wondered. But the painter's face brightened almost as suddenly as it had been overshadowed. He flung back his head with an impetuous gesture. It seemed almost as if he had cast some imaginary burden from off his shoulders by the same sudden movement.

"I want to earn money, Miss Vincent," he said. "Art in the abstract is very grand, no doubt. I quite believe in the man who stabbed his model in order to get the death agony for his picture of the Crucifixion; but I must make art subservient to my own necessities. I must earn money for myself and my wife, Eleanor. I might marry a rich woman, perhaps, but I want to marry a poor one. Do you think the girl I love will listen to me, Eleanor? Do you think she will accept the doubtful future I can offer her? Do you think she will be brave enough to share the fortunes of a struggling man?"

Nothing could be more heroic than the tone in which Launcelot Darrell spoke. He had the air of a man who means to strive, with the sturdy devotion of a martyr, to win the end of his ambition, rather than that of a sanguine but vacillating young gentleman who would be ready to fling himself down under the influence of the first moment of despondency, and live upon the proceeds of the pawning of his watch, while his unfinished picture rotted upon the canvas.

He had something of George Vane's nature, perhaps; that fatally hopeful temperament common to men who are for ever going to do great things, and for ever failing to achieve even the smallest. He was one of those men who are perpetually deluding other people by the force of their power of self-delusion.

Self-deluded and mistaken now, it was scarcely strange if he deceived Eleanor Vane, who was carried away by the impetuous torrent of words in which he told her that he loved her, and that the future happiness of his life depended upon the fiat which must issue from her lips.

Only very faltering accents came from those tremulous lips. Miss Vane was not in love; she was bewildered, and perhaps a little bewitched by

the painter's vehemence. He was the first young, elegant, handsome and accomplished man with whom she had ever been thrown much in contact. It is scarcely wonderful, then, if this inexperienced girl of eighteen was a little influenced by the ardor of his admiration, by the eloquence of his wild talk.

She had risen from her seat in her agitation, and stood with her back to the sunlit window, trembling and blushing before her lover.

Launcelot Darrell was not slow to draw a flattering inference from these signs of womanly confusion.

"You love me, Eleanor," he said; "yes, you love me. You think, perhaps, my mother would oppose our marriage. You don't know me, dearest, if you can believe I would suffer any opposition to come between me and my love. I am ready to make any sacrifice for your sake, Eleanor. Only tell me that you love me, and I shall have a new purpose in life, a new motive for exertion."

Mr. Darrell held the girl's two hands clasped in both his own, as he pleaded thus, using hackneyed phrases with a vehement earnestness that gave new life to the old words. His face was close to Eleanor's, with the broad light of the sunny summer sky full upon it. Some sudden fancy—some vague idea, dim and indistinct as the faint memory of some dream whose details we strive vainly to recall—flashed into the mind of George Vane's orphan daughter as she looked into her lover's black eyes. She recoiled from him a little; her eyebrows contracted into a slight frown; her blushes faded out with the effort which she made to seize upon and analyse that sudden fancy. But her effort was vain; transient as a gleam of summer lightning the thought had flashed across her brain, only to melt utterly away.

While she was still trying to recall that last idea, while Launcelot Darrell was still pleading for an answer to his suit, the door of the painting-room was pushed open—it had been left ajar by volatile Miss Mason, most likely—and the widow entered, pale, stern and sorrowful looking.

## CHAPTER XX.—RECOGNITION.

"I THOUGHT Laura was with you," Mrs. Darrell said, rather sharply, as she scrutinised Eleanor's face with no very friendly eyes.

"She was with us until a few minutes ago," Launcelot answered carelessly; "but she was called away to see a milliner or a dressmaker, or some such important personage in the feminine decorative art line. I don't believe that young lady's soul ever soars above laces and ribbons, and all those miscellaneous fripperies which women dignify by the generic title of their 'things'!"

Mrs. Darrell frowned darkly at her son's contemptuous allusion to the heiress.

"Laura Mason is a very amiable and accomplished girl," she said.

The young man shrugged his shoulders, and took up his palette and brushes.

"Will you settle yourself once more in the Rosalind attitude, Miss Vincent?" he said. "I suppose our volatile Celia will be back presently."

"Will you go and look for her, Launcelot?" interposed Mrs. Darrell, "I want to speak to Miss Vincent."

Launcelot Darrell flung down his brushes, and turned suddenly towards his mother with a look of angry defiance in his face.

"What have you to say to Miss Vincent that you can't say before me?" he asked. "What do you mean, mother, by breaking in upon us like this, and scowling at us as if we were a couple of conspirators?"

Mrs. Darrell drew herself to her fullest height, and looked half sternly, half contemptuously at her son. His nature, in every quality weaker and meaner than her own, prompted him to shrink from any open contest with her. Deeply as she loved this selfish, handsome scapegrace, there were times in which her better sense revolted against the weakness of her affection; and at such times Launcelot Darrell was frightened of his mother.

"I have a great deal to say to Miss Vincent," the widow answered gravely. "If you refuse to leave us together, I have no doubt Miss Vincent will have the good taste to come elsewhere with me."

Eleanor looked up startled and bewildered by the suppressed passion in the widow's tone.

"I will come with you anywhere, Mrs. Darrell," she said, "if you wish to speak to me."

"Come this way, then."

Mrs. Darrell swept out of the room, and Eleanor followed her, before the young man had any opportunity for remonstrance. The widow led the way to the pretty chamber in which Miss Vane slept, and the two women went in together, Mrs. Darrell shutting the door behind her.

"Miss Vincent," she said, taking Eleanor's hand in her own, "I am going to appeal to you more frankly than one woman often appeals to another. I might diplomatise and plot against you, but I am not base enough for that, though, I dare say, I could stoop to a good deal that is despicable for the sake of my son. And again, I have so good an opinion of you that I think candor will be the wisest policy. My son has asked you to be his wife."

"Madam," stammered Eleanor, looking aghast at the pale face which had an almost tragic aspect in its earnestness.

"Yes, I told you just now that I could do despicable things for my son's sake. I was passing the door while Launcelot was talking to you. The door was ajar, you know. I heard a few words, enough to tell me the subject upon which he was speaking, and I stopped to hear more. I listened, Miss Vincent. It was very contemptible, was it not?"

Eleanor was silent. She stood before the widow looking down upon the ground. The color came and went in her face; she was agitated and confused by what had happened; but in all her agita-





*Mrs. Darrell overhears Launcelot's avowal of Love for Eleanor.*

tion and confusion the memory of that sudden fancy that had flashed across her brain while Launcelot Darrell talked to her was uppermost in her mind.

"You despise me for my conduct, Miss Vincent," said Mrs. Darrell, reading the meaning of

the girl's silence; "but the day may come in which you may experience a mother's anguish; the brooding care, the unceasing watchfulness, the feverish, all-devouring anxiety which only a mother can feel. If that day ever comes, you will be able to forgive me; to think mercifully of me. I do not complain

of my son; I never have complained of him. But I suffer, I suffer. I see him holding no place in the world, despised by prosperous and successful men, with a wasted youth behind him and a blank future before. I love him, but I am not deceived in him. The day for all deception is past. He will never be rich or prosperous by any act of his own. There are but two chances for him; the chance of inheriting my uncle's fortune, or the chance of marrying a rich woman. I speak very frankly, you see, Miss Vincent, and I expect equal candor from you. Do you love my son?"

"Madam—Mrs. Darrell—"

"You would not answer him just now; I ask you to answer me. The prosperity of his future life hangs upon your reply. I know that he might marry a girl who does love him, and who can bring him a fortune which will place him in the position he ought to occupy. Be generous, Miss Vincent. I ask you to tell me the truth. That is the least you can do. Do you love my son, Launcelot Darrell? Do you love with your whole heart and soul as I love him?"

Eleanor lifted her head suddenly, and looked full in the widow's face.

"No, madam," she answered, proudly, "I do not."

"Thank God for that! Even if you had loved him, I would not have shrunk from asking you to sacrifice yourself for his happiness. As it is, I appeal to you without hesitation. Will you leave this place; will you leave me my son, with the chance of planning his future after my own fashion?"

"I will, Mrs. Darrell," Eleanor said, earnestly. "I thought, perhaps, till to-day—I may have fancied that I—I mean that I was flattered by your son's attention, and perhaps believe I—I loved him a little," the girl murmured shyly; "but I know now that I have been mistaken. Perhaps it is the truth and intensity of your love that shows me the shallowness and falsehood of my own. I remember how I loved my father,"—her eyes filled with tears as she spoke—"and looking back at my feelings for him, I know that I do not love Mr. Darrell. It will be much better for me to go away. I shall be sorry to leave Laura; sorry to leave Hazlewood, for I have been very happy here—too happy, perhaps. I will write to your son, and tell him that I leave this place of my own free will."

"Thank you, my dear," the widow said, warmly, "my son would be very hard with me if he thought that my influence had been the means of thwarting any whim of his. I know him well enough to know that this sentiment, like every other sentiment of his, will not endure for ever. He will be angry and offended, and wounded by your departure, but he will not break his heart, Miss Vincent."

"Let me go away at once, Mrs. Darrell," said Eleanor; "it will be better for me to go at once. I can return to my friends in London. I have saved



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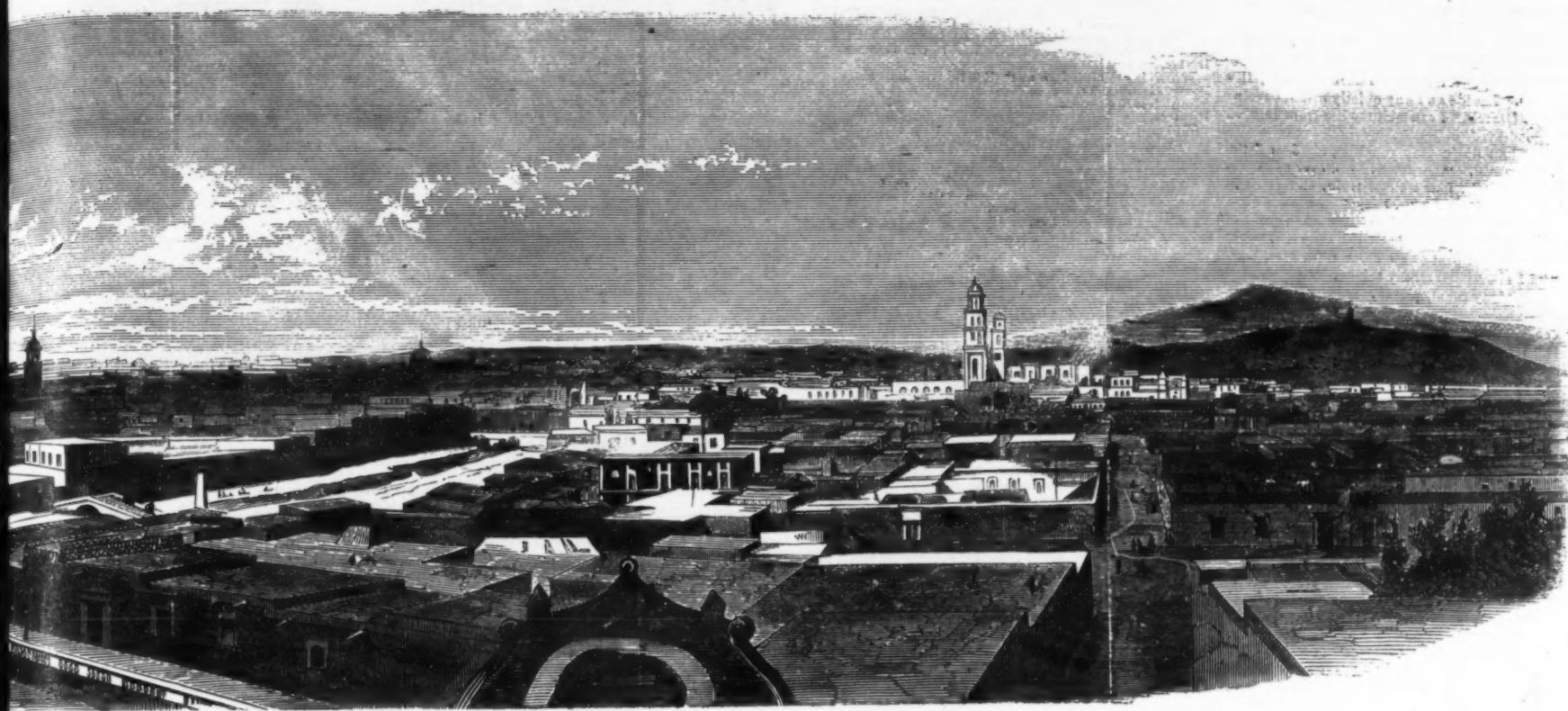
some money while I have been with you, and I shall not go back to them penniless."

"You are a generous and noble-hearted girl. I shall be my care to provide you with at least a



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good a home as you have had here. I am not selfish enough to forget how much I have asked of you."

"And you will let me go at once. I would rather not see Laura, or say good-bye to her. We have grown so fond of each other. I never had a sister—that is to say, never a—Laura has been like one to me. Let me go away quietly without seeing her, Mrs. Darrell. I can write to her from London to say good-bye."

"You shall do just as you like, my dear," the widow answered. "I will drive you over to Windsor in time for the four o'clock train, and you will get into town before dark. I must go now and see what my son is doing. If he should suspect—"

"He shall suspect nothing till I am gone," said Eleanor. "It is past one o'clock now, Mrs. Darrell, and I must pack all my things. Will you keep Laura out of my room, please, for if she came here she'd guess—"

"Yes, yes, I'll go and see—I'll make all arrangements."

Mrs. Darrell hurried out of the room, leaving Eleanor to contemplate the sudden change in her position. The girl dragged one of her trunks out of a recess in the simply furnished bedchamber, and sitting down upon it in a half-despondent attitude, reflected on the unlooked-for break in her existence. Once more she was called upon to disunite herself from the past, and begin life anew.

"Am I never to know any rest?" she thought. "I had grown so accustomed to this place. I shall be glad to see the signors and Richard once more; but Laura, Mr. Monckton—I wonder whether they will be sorry for me."

By three o'clock in the afternoon, all Eleanor's preparations were completed. Her trunks packed, and handed over to the factotum of the Hazlewood establishment, who was to see them safely despatched by luggage train after the young lady's departure. At three o'clock precisely Miss Vincent took her seat beside Mrs. Darrell in the low basket carriage.

Circumstances had conspired to favor the girl's unnoticed departure from Hazlewood. Laura Mason had been prostrated by the intense strain upon her faculties caused by an hour's interview with her dressmaker, and had flung herself upon the sofa in the drawing-room, after sipping up half a pint of Eau-de-Cologne on her flimsy handkerchief. Worn out by her exertions, and lulled by the summer heat, the young lady had fallen into a heavy slumber of two or three hours' duration.

Launcelot Darrell had left the house almost immediately after the scene in the painting-room, striding out of the hall without leaving any intimation as to the direction in which he was going, or the probable hour of his return.

Thus it was that the little pony-carriage drove quietly away from the gates of Hazlewood, and Eleanor left the house in which she had lived for upwards of a year without any one caring to question her as to the cause of her departure.

Very few words were said by either Mrs. Darrell or her companion during the drive to Windsor. Eleanor was absorbed in gloomy thought. She did not feel any intense grief at leaving Hazlewood; but some sense of desolation, some despondency at the thought that she was a wanderer on the face of the earth, with no real claim upon any one, no actual right to rest anywhere. They drove into Windsor while she was thinking thus. They had come through the park, and they entered the town by the gateway at the bottom of the hill. They had driven up the hill and were in the principal street, below the castle wall, when Mrs. Darrell uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Launcelot!" she said. "And we must pass him to get to the station! There's no help for it."

Eleanor looked up. Yes, before the door of one of the principal hotels stood Mr. Launcelot Darrell with two other young men. One of these men was talking to him, but he was paying very little attention. He stood upon the edge of the curbstone, with his back turned to his companion, kicking the pebbles on the road with the toe of his boot, and staring moodily before him.

In that one moment—in the moment in which the pony carriage, going at full speed, passed the young man—the thought which had flashed, so vague and indistinct, so transient and intangible, through the mind of Eleanor Vane that morning, took a new shape, and arose palpable and vivid in her brain.

This man, Launcelot Darrell, was the sulky stranger who had stood upon the Parisian Boulevard, kicking the straws upon the curbstone, and waiting to entrap her father to his ruin.

(To be continued.)

#### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

ONE of our principal recruiting factories was recently the scene of quite an amusing incident.

"So, sir, you've clapped your dirty sojer trappings on my husband, have you?"

"Who is your husband?" asked the officer.

"Billy McCuttee, and a bould boy he is, so plaze ye. But it's a dirty thing of you, my pretty man, to take him from his wife and children."

"Can't be helped," said the officer; "it's too late now."

"Then take the baby, too," she cried, as she forced the little one into the arms of Lieut. Adams. "Take them all—I'll send you four more to-day."

Off she ran at a rapid pace, leaving the unfortunate officer with the squalling recruit in his arms. Doubtful of its services to Uncle Sam, he sent it home by its father.

A MAN of wit was asked, in the train,

"What was his errand to the city?"

He replied:

"I have been sent to procure an angel to do the cooking."

In the country, in long time, for want of good conversation, one's understanding and invention contract a moss on them, like an old piling in an orchard.

He who aims high must dread an easy home and popular manners. Popularity is for dolls.

WHICH of our generals gives most promise of nabbing the rebels? Our Gen. Hooker.

Which of them is the most enticing strategist? Gen. Cox (Cox.).

Which the most reliable? Gen. Couch.

Which the hardest disciplinarian? Gen. Stoneman.

Which served out the rebels best? Our General Butler.

Which is calculated to stem the tide of the rebellion? Gen. Banks.

Which is the choice man for catching slaves? Gen. Hunter.

Which has the strongest Southern proclivity? Gen. Dix, who is almost Dixie.

Which is the most incisive tactician? Gen. Sickles.

Which is the best at pure strategy? Gen. Dodge.

Cadets answering the above are ordered to report to the General Committee on Brigadiers, to be certified as competent to take Richmond with one hand, and Vicksburg with the other.

A CORRESPONDENT in the army of the Union, now in Tennessee, writes:

During the pursuit that followed the battle of Shiloh, the body-servant of Gen. Bragg was captured.

Being brought before Gen. Buell, he was questioned as to the incidents of the battle. Among other things he said:

"Den gunboats of yours is mighty institutions. De night arter the battle, when de secess wares in your tents, s'posin' dey would have a fine time, de big guns on de boats would go boom. Den a big shell would come through the woods, blazin' like a lamp-post, a-huntin' the secess, and sayin', 'Whar is you! whar is you!' and wherever it would find a big crowd it would drop right down thar."

The deep voice of the old negro so closely imitated the whirr of a large shell that the assembled generals burst into a hearty laugh.

THE Chinese have no word that will compare with our "Amen." They say instead, "Sin yenen ching."—"The heart wishes exactly so."

A BASHFUL printer refused a situation in an office where girls were employed, saying that he never "set up" with a girl in his life.

If you wish to cure a scolding wife, never fail to laugh at her with all your might until she ceases—then kiss her. Sure cure.

At an inn in Sweden, there was the following inscription in English, on the wall: "You will find at Troilbath excellent bread, meat and wine—provided you bring them."

"Has that cookery-book any pictures?" said Miss C. to a bookseller.

"No, miss, none," was the answer.

"Why," exclaimed the young lady, "what is the use of telling us how to make a good dinner if they give us no plates?"

A DUTCHMAN has just taught ducks to swim in hot water, and with such success that they lay boiled eggs. He is now hatching a scheme for extemporizing the accompaniments of bread and butter and salt.

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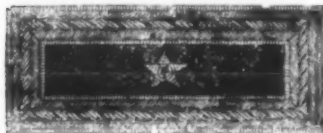
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